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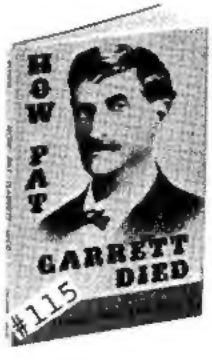

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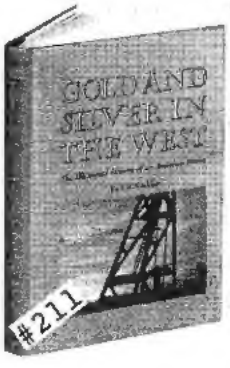

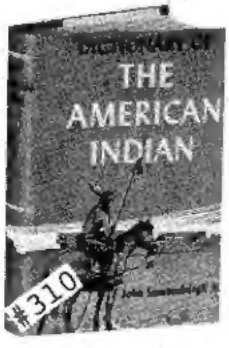

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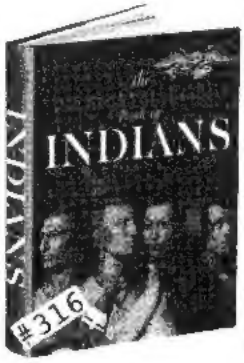

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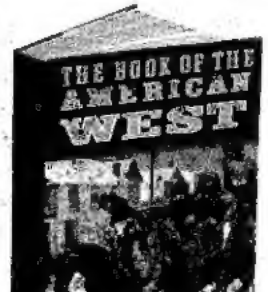

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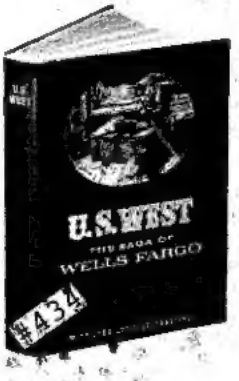

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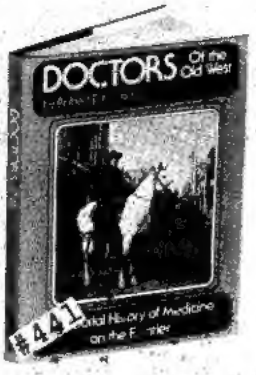

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True West

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This Is An EXPERIMENT

WHEN something good comes along, it is a difficult decision relative to just which magazine should carry it if you want everybody who reads your magazines to see this particular piece. The following is a sort of essay type thing. In fact, actually it is composed of two personal letters from Hood River Blackie. He had no earthly idea that they would ever see print until I asked him if it would be OK to combine the two letters into a sort of little article. I like the "feel" of this one and I am wondering just how many of you caught it. Let me know if you read it, if you can remember how long ago and what magazine it was in. I know all of you won't write, but we've got a sort of calculator around here made up of an old dry cowchip stuffed with owl feathers that gives us a good idea on the percentage as a whole after we receive X number of letters.

So, without further explanation here it is:

ROAMING THE BACK COUNTRY

With Hood River Blackie

I ride freight trains and follow the fruit and vegetable harvest in the summer, but in the fall I head for the Sierra Madre in Mexico. I stop by a friend's in Arizona to pick up my mule and, of course, my burro. The mule I call Uncle Sam since he has a U. S. brand. He is thirty years old but still in good shape.

I suppose I do look a little strange when I'm crossing the desert. I carry a Winchester "73" .44-40 and an old Colt that shoots the same calibre. My saddle is a split-army type, and let's face it—fancy shirts and pants like the TV cowboys wear just don't last long in the brush. I won't be picking up my mule and burro until about November 15, then I'll try to write you as I cross the country. I don't know any earth-shaking news about the Old West, or anybody famous—just old Indians and prospectors, hoboes and long-forgotten cowboys.

As for a great life, yes, to me it is. I like to wander about. Perhaps for others it wouldn't be. It is what you make it. If I cut people's fences, killed cattle or stole things off of the ranches I ride across, then I'd not have such a good time.

Many a time I've ridden out on some high point of land overlooking a busy highway, and it is a contrast. I watch the cars come and go and I dread having to cross such a place, but I must.

How much nicer it is to be at some spring high in the Panamints or sitting at the old adobe shack of a Yaqui Indian friend of mine, up under a mesquite tree with a jug and an old man nearing ninety, and talk campfire talk until the coyotes announce their evening hunt. You can't imagine, if you've never done it, what it is like when you have no timetable at all, no home ahead of you and no home behind. It is complete freedom.

I'm forty-nine now and have been on the move since September 1940, some by freight train, some by mule or horse, though I prefer a mule. I'm a youngster all right, at least compared to some of the campfire men I've known. There used to be some fellows who rode into Mexico and back. They were prospectors and treasure hunters. No one seemed to know much of anything about them since they never sought publicity. They stayed in the back country most of the time. Many great stories of the West have no doubt been lost simply because the men who knew these tales didn't talk much and cared nothing about publicity.

I met Tex Medders along the S. P. tracks just south of Mecca, California in 1940. He was seventy then and had ridden an old paint pony west out of Texas in 1885. He was a loner but broke his rule to take me with him. We saw the West together for the next twenty-five years and made some trips into the Sierra Madre. I never caught Old Tex in a lie. He was quiet and slow talking and the finest human I've ever met. He would not retire, and was picking peaches on Buckley's ranch near Ozwald, California when he was ninety-three. He tried to take a hobo trip with Blackie Bennett, another oldster, in 1965 and Tex got down under a bridge near Marysville, California and couldn't get back on his feet. He had to go to a rest home and died January 7, 1967, age ninety-six.

Old Ben McNown at Yuma is ninety-two and he is probably the only hobo alive who was riding the freights before 1900. He gets around pretty well. Red is at Wenatchee, Washington.

I've found two skeletons of humans in the back country, and buried them. I am having more and more trouble crossing the wilds as there are so many fences and hostile people. I have been shot at on three occasions in the past four years, all for no apparent reason. Each time I was *not* on private property.

I was threatened by two young fellows near Quartzsite, Arizona. They were determined to buy my old Colt for $20.00 or have it out with me. They were armed. I finally had to let them look down the bore of it.

I once caught a man and a woman, who must have been wealthy, in the act of stealing my food and the split saddle. I returned to camp just in time to catch them loading up my supplies and saddle in their $20,000 motor home. I don't camp near any little desert roads anymore.

I think a lot of the trouble in the Superstitions, and there has been some, is between these greenhorns. I have seen some youngsters up in there playing badman, with tied-down holsters and pistols. Each of them acted like he thought he was Billy the Kid. Yet, I've ridden all over the Superstitions and never have been bothered.

I think the most unusual thing about the roadless back country is finding an old cabin or dugout or some dwelling, many of which have no road into them. Maybe they did at one time. For instance, there is an old rock cabin in the mountains in Arizona that has two old Winchester model "86" rifles, one Colt Alaskan pistol and just all sorts of things. I saw it first in 1957 and it is unchanged 'til now. No one goes there and there is no road within twenty miles. There is a calendar on the wall from 1924. I never bother anything. I just stop there and make a meal and go on. I hope no one else ever finds it.

I've seen a lot of old antique things out like that. There is a camera about 100 years old in a building not too many miles north of Death Valley. It unfolds like an accordian. But keep one thing in mind, if there is any kind of road anywhere near these old shacks you don't find anything but destruction. People tear out the walls, shoot up the place and just leave it a wreck. I once made the mistake of mentioning the cabin with the old guns to some people and one man practically told me I was either going to tell him how to find the cabin or he would whip me. I'm glad a cooler head prevailed—mine!

So many people have no respect for property. It's a wonder the ranchers let anyone on their place. I know those old guns are worth at least $200 each but they are worth more to me just to see them hanging there in the silence of the passing years, waiting for an owner who will never return. They are a symbol to me of another era when men were really free and the Old West wasn't quite so old.

But this old cabin won't be found very easily as there is no road and really no trail and you can ride by 100 feet away and not see it. The roof is made of oil tins flattened out. It is awfully rusty so

(Continued on page 35)

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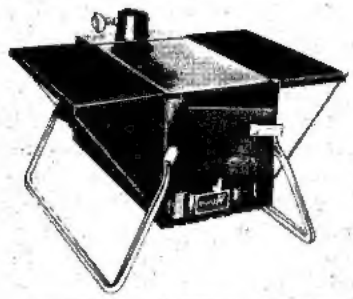
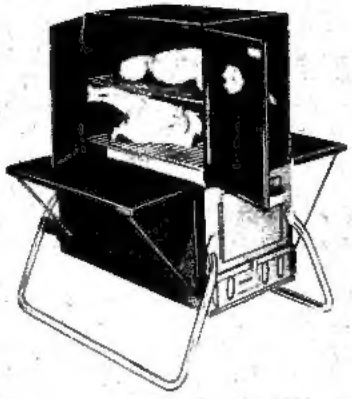
BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



the RAEMCO 7in1



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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

TRAIN ROBBERIES

Many people believe that Jesse James committed the first train robbery in the West. It supposedly occurred in Iowa about 1873. Don DeNevi, in his book *Western Train Robberies* (Celestial Arts, 231 Adrian Rd., Millbrae, Calif., 94030, $4.50 paper), observes that "history tells us otherwise." DeNevi writes that it was Gentleman "Jack" Davis who pulled the first train robbery in the West when he held up a Central Pacific train in western Nevada in 1870. Details of the robbery by Davis are included along with eleven other train robbery tales in DeNevi's 240-page book. It is illustrated with many photographs from railroad files. The robbery stories include those of Tom Vernon, Jean LaBanta, the Dalton Gang and the DeAutremont Brothers' robbery of a train in Oregon in 1923. There's good reading in DeNevi's book. Unfortunately, there is no index.

FOR HISTORY WRITERS

The Rhetoric of History (University of Oklahoma Press, 1976, $9.95) by Sovoie Lottinville might be described as "everything you always wanted to know about the craft of writing history but were afraid to ask." Lottinville, who spent three decades as director of the University of Oklahoma Press, has written a fine guide.

This 258-page book conveys Lottinville's ideas on the foundations and concepts of the craft, the opening or leads of historical articles, continuity and analysis, portraiture (the art of presenting a person's portrait in words), culture, time and place in history. And he includes a chapter on bibliographies and edited documents, one on criticism, and another on how to make words do pleasing work. Chapter ten is a down-to-earth discussion on how to prepare manuscripts and illustrations for publication. A helpful appendix written by Rudolph Bambas in entitled "The Split Infinitive."

The serious-minded non-fiction writer and student of Western history will find much of interest and value in Lottinville's book.

SAN ANTONIO

San Antonio: A Historical and Pictorial Guide (University of Texas Press, $4.95, paper) by Charles Ramsdell has been updated and revised by Carmen Perry to include the amazing changes that have occurred in San Antonio since the first edition was published in 1959. San Antonio began as a Spanish Mission. It grew into an important Mexican stronghold, expanded as the frontier was tamed, and has become a modern city of diverse cultures and beauty. The fifteen chapters cover its colorful past as well as the modern halls of learning, science centers and churches. Ranked as one of America's most interesting cities along with Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco by many travelers, San Antonio will be better understood, thanks to the *Guide*. Three column pages, numerous photographs, information sources, and an index make this concise book a must for those who visit the city and a reference for those who have had that pleasure.

NAVAJO FOLKLORE

Navajo myths and legends are the subjects of *Sitting on the Blue-Eyed Bear*, a delightful book written by Gerald Hausmam and illustrated by Sidney Hausmam (Lawrence Hill & Co., 24 Burr Farms Rt., Westport, Ct. 06880, $10.00). This 130-page book is more than just a collection of myths and legends—many of them presented as poems. Hausmam devotes many pages to explaining Navajo life, history and religion. The book is divided into two parts containing many sections, and each section is introduced by a description of how the legends and myths which follow were handed down and became part of the cultural and religious life of the Navajo people. As the publisher states on the dust jacket, this book is for "readers of all ages about one of our greatest surviving Indian tribes." Recommended.

TRAPPER AND FUR TRADERS

It was more than two decades ago when Robert Glass Cleland's book *This Reckless Breed of Men* was first published in New York City. It's now been reprinted in paperback by the University of New Mexico Press ($4.95). It's high time that this fine effort on the trappers and fur traders of the Southwest is again available for it's a fine book. Cleland, who died in 1957, searched through reams of material, to produce what is one of the most accurate books on the fur trade in the Southwest. There are nine chapters

(Continued on page 51)

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Another Whistling Mail Truck

The Whistling Mail Truck article in February '77 *True West* brought back memories of my younger years on our homestead at Wapiti, Wyoming, between Cody and Yellowstone Park, around 1920.

Dad got a contract to haul mail from Cody to Wapiti, a distance of twenty-five miles, twice a week, Tuesday and Friday, for $2,000 a year. The route through the Shoshone Canyon above Cody was the worst part. The Shoshone Dam was built in 1910. The road went from the river to above the dam which made a rise of about 900 feet in a very short distance. It was known as the Dam Hill. Model T Fords without a vacuum tank couldn't make it unless they backed up, which was quite a feat in itself. Dad had converted a Model T touring car into a flat bed truck. Being a blacksmith, and blacksmiths make fair mechanics, he rigged up a Stevens transmission behind the Ford's transmission. It seems he had a Rucksell in there some place, too. It had nine speeds forward and three in reverse. I remember having to put the Stevens transmission in reverse to make it go forward. With a vacuum tank he had the Dam Hill whipped.

Summertime was no problem except for the yellow sight-seeing buses that traveled from Yellowstone Park. The road that came from the park at that time was a single dirt road with turnouts every so often. The buses were big White passenger buses painted yellow with canvas tops and carbide headlights. They had a four-toned exhaust whistle installed. When they came down through the Shoshone Canyon with their whistles blasting, and all those hairpin curves, you had better find a wide place in the road and stay put until they had passed. There would be as many as six buses, one behind the other, all filled with rubbernecks, as we used to call the passengers.

Dad decided that one of those exhaust whistles was a must for his mail truck. He managed to purchase one either through Montgomery Ward or Sears Roebuck. The whistle took some getting used to by the local populace but the U. S. mail got the right of way.

Winters were difficult on account of the cold and drifting snow. If anyone up Northfork planned a trip to town they would make it on Tuesday or Friday after Dad had shoveled through drifts and broken the trail.

Dad liked his coffee breaks. While on these back-breaking trips, in order to have a good supply of hot water he would keep the Model T radiator good and clean by boiling it out with soap every so often. When coffee time came on the road he had his little box on the floor boards with cup, powdered coffee, sugar and canned milk. It was just a matter of opening the spigot on the bottom of the radiator for a cup of instant coffee.

A big landslide blocked the road in the Canyon one year. Dad had to buy another old Model T for the other side of the slide. All mail and supplies had to be transferred over the slide area into the other Model T. Model T Number 2 never got a whistle, however.—James R. Jenkins, 4256 So. 164 Street, Seattle, Washington 98188

Chicago in 1833

This is a photograph of one of fifty lithographs (each 2'-6" by 2'0") struck off and presented at Chicago's Sesqui-Centennial Celebration to each of the first fifty white citizens born in that city.

A bronze plaque, now on the lower level of the Michigan Boulevard drawbridge, indicated that Fort Dearborn was built in 1834 on the point of land at left of the picture. My grandfather Elijah Kent Hubbard was born inside the fort in 1835 as Chicago's first white child soon after his parents arrived there at the end of a two months' journey in a horse-drawn covered wagon from Middletown, Connecticut.

The area shown in the lithograph is now occupied by the Dearborn Street R. R. station and which, because of landfill, is now about two miles from the edge of Lake Michigan. Two rivers can be seen, their confluence emptying into Lake Michigan. On the left is the Chicago River, the flow of which has been reversed. Known today as the Drainage Canal, it empties in Joliet. That on the right, the Illinois River, has been diverted far to the north.

The logs with which the two buildings are constructed were cut and floated downstream from a sawmill just across the Canadian border. That information came to me from an acquaintance whose grandparents owned and operated the mill.

From another acquaintance came information that in 1834 a baby girl was born sixty-odd miles—possibly close to present Iowa City—west of Chicago. She was his great-grandmother. But, in Chicago proper, my grandfather was the first white child born. Hence, he was presented this #1 lithograph. He lived through the Great Fire and, years later, returned to live the rest of his life in Middletown, Connecticut.

This lithograph which I inherited seems to be one of but two which today (1977) are accountable. The other has been hung in the Chicago Museum of Fine Arts on Michigan Boulevard. The "whereabouts" of the remaining forty-eight is somewhat of a mystery.—Dr. Carl S. Stillman, 3271 Holly Way, Chula Vista, California 92010

Booger Red

Got the February issue a few days ago,

(Continued on page 60)

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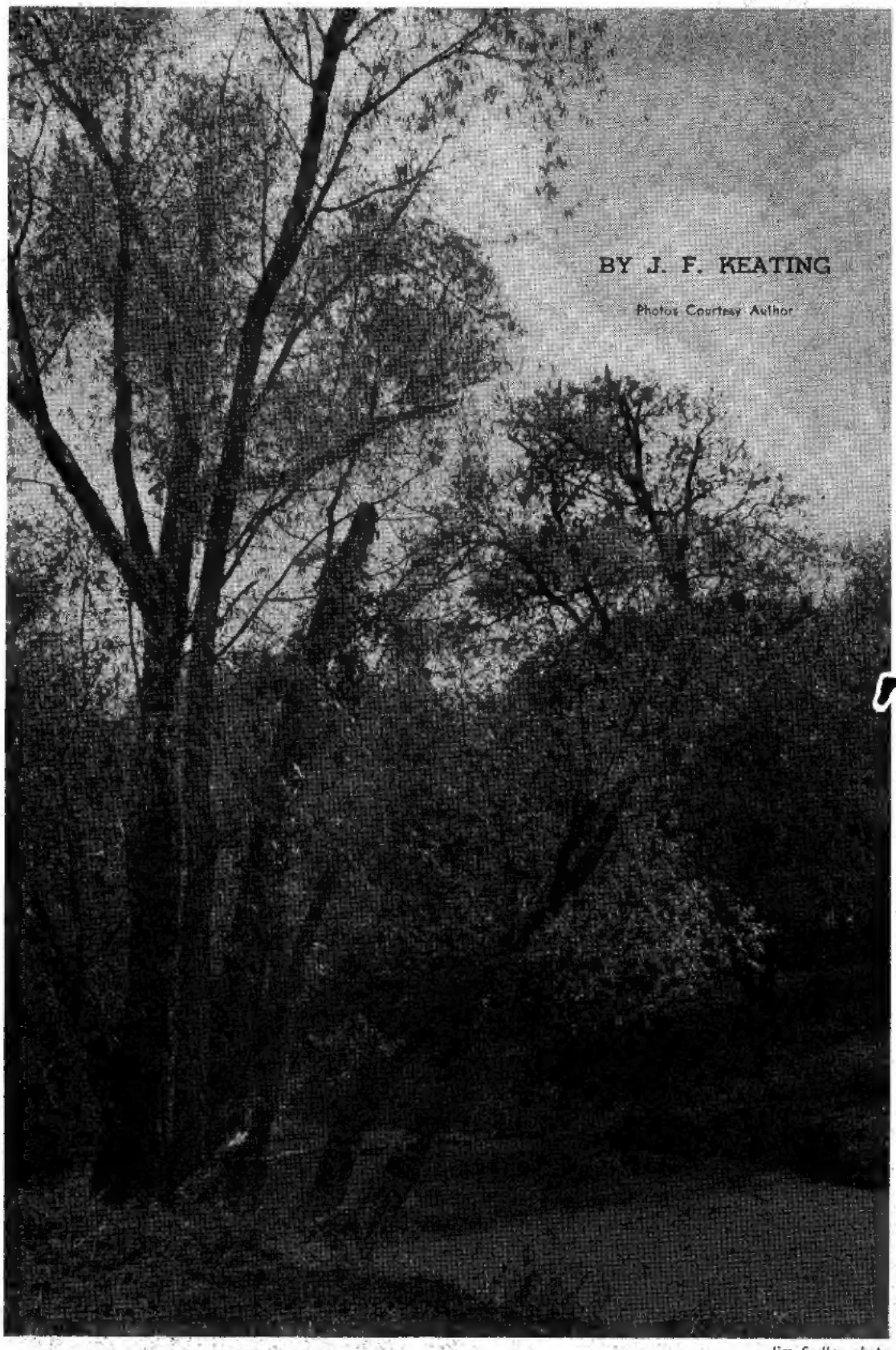
Though there have been many famous happenings near its banks, the Sabine has never become famous in the eyes of Westerners—why?

THE

BY J. F. KEATING

Photos Courtesy Author



Jim Sadler photo

Above: The Sabine. Right: Ventilation fan for the coal mines found nearby.

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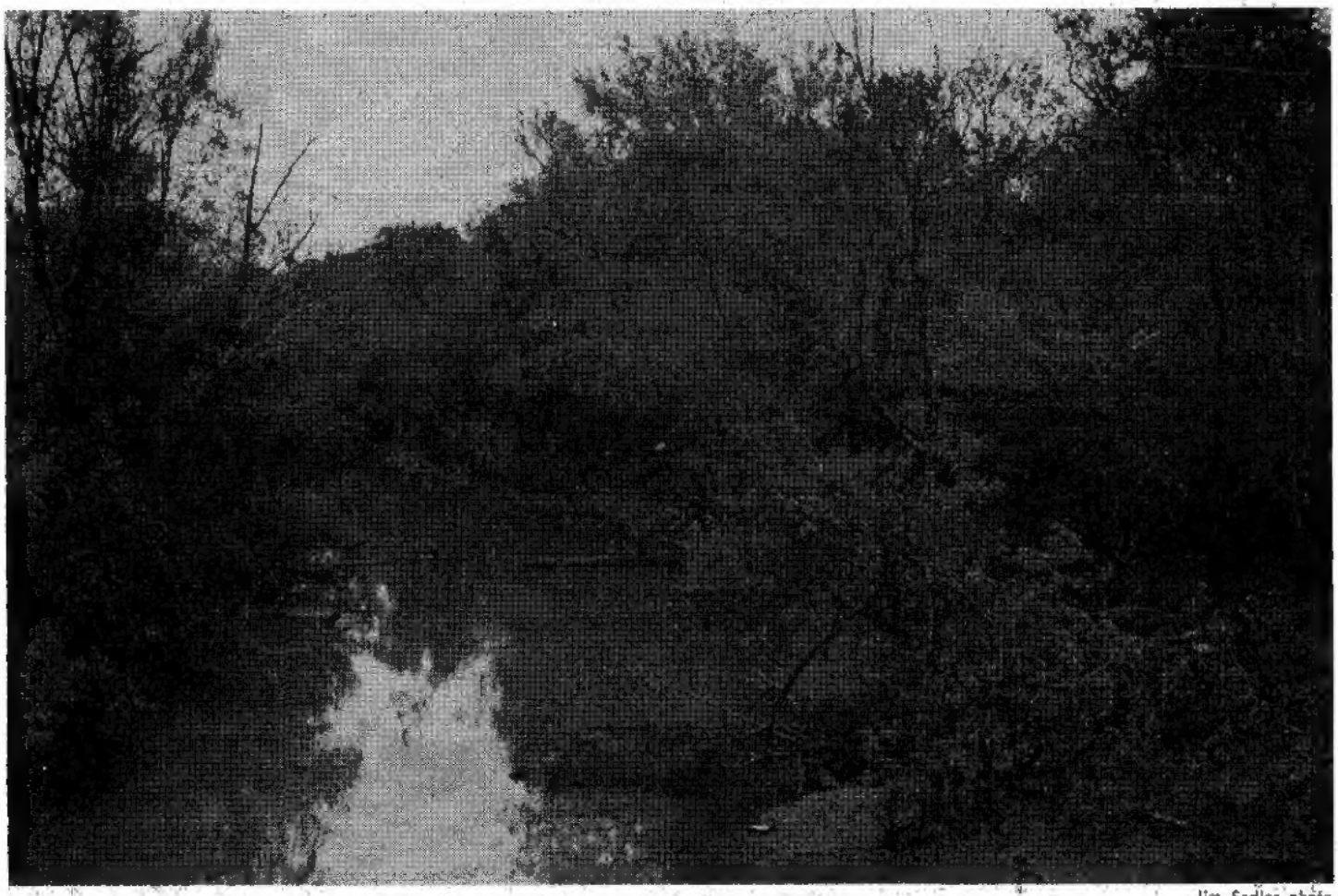
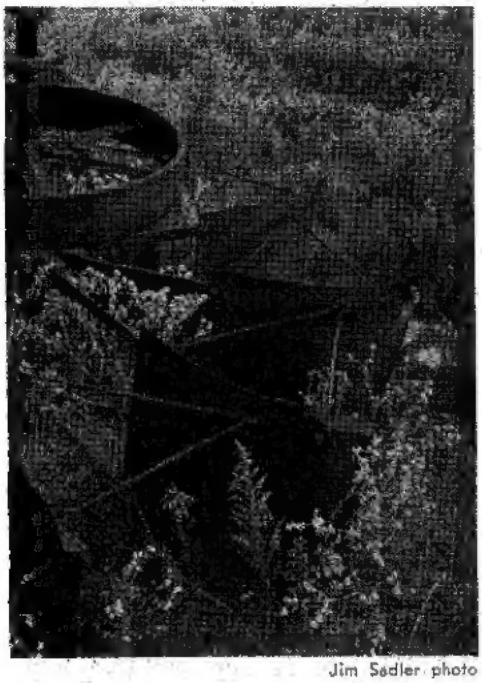


Jim Sadler photo

View of the river from a bridge.

SABINE RIVER



Jim Sadler photo

THE MISSOURI RIVER is remembered in song; others, such as the Mississippi and Ohio have watched great cities grow up on their banks. What makes some rivers famous and others forgotten? The Sabine, a river rich in history and beauty, would like to know. Ask any Texan west of the 98th meridian where the Sabine is, and a puzzled glance is the likely response.

From humble beginnings in Hunt County, the Sabine moves silently through the various wooded belts of East Texas, becomes the border between Texas and Louisiana, and enters the Gulf of Mexico with the third largest volume of water at its mouth of any Texas river. Yet, few are conscious of its history or its hundreds of meandering miles. From the days of De Soto and La Salle to the present, the Sabine has courted, dallied with, but never kept, fame.

The name "Sabine" comes from the Spanish word for cypress, testimony of the many beautiful trees that grace its banks and backwaters near the Gulf of Mexico. The Spanish influence in the area is especially found in the cities of San Augustine and Nacogdoches which were way stations along the famous El Camino Real. (This Royal Highway, now Highway 21, crosses the Sabine at Toledo Bend Reservoir.)

But the Spanish had no intent to develop this area. They saw the river and East Texas as a buffer against the encroaching French who were increasingly active near Natchitoches, Louisiana. When the United States purchased Louisiana in 1803, the Sabine saw rougher company. A border dispute created a no-man's land between the Sabine and the Arroyo Hondo, a tributary of Red River. Into this land came adventurers, deserters, bandits and anyone else who thrived where there was no formal government. But in 1819, the Florida Purchase Treaty ended the party, and the Sabine became the western border of the United States of America. Fort Jessup, near the town of Many, Louisiana, was built in 1822 to guard the border.

The Sabine remained the border when Mexico broke free from Spain. The Mexicans, unlike the Spanish, first welcomed immigrants and settlers into East Texas, and many Americans quickly hung up their GTT signs (Gone to Texas). They crossed the Sabine like the River Jordan until they became too numerous and de-

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manding for the Mexicans' taste. In 1821, Stephen F. Austin had crossed the Sabine and camped on Borregas Creek near Milam. Davy Crockett and others later came through San Augustine on their way to the Alamo. When the fight for Texas Independence intensified and a triumphant Santa Anna neared San Jacinto, the Sabine watched many of the settlers scurry back across it to the safety of the United States. Had San Jacinto turned out differently, the Sabine River might have borne border towns such as El Paso, Brownsville, and others that lie on the Rio Grande.

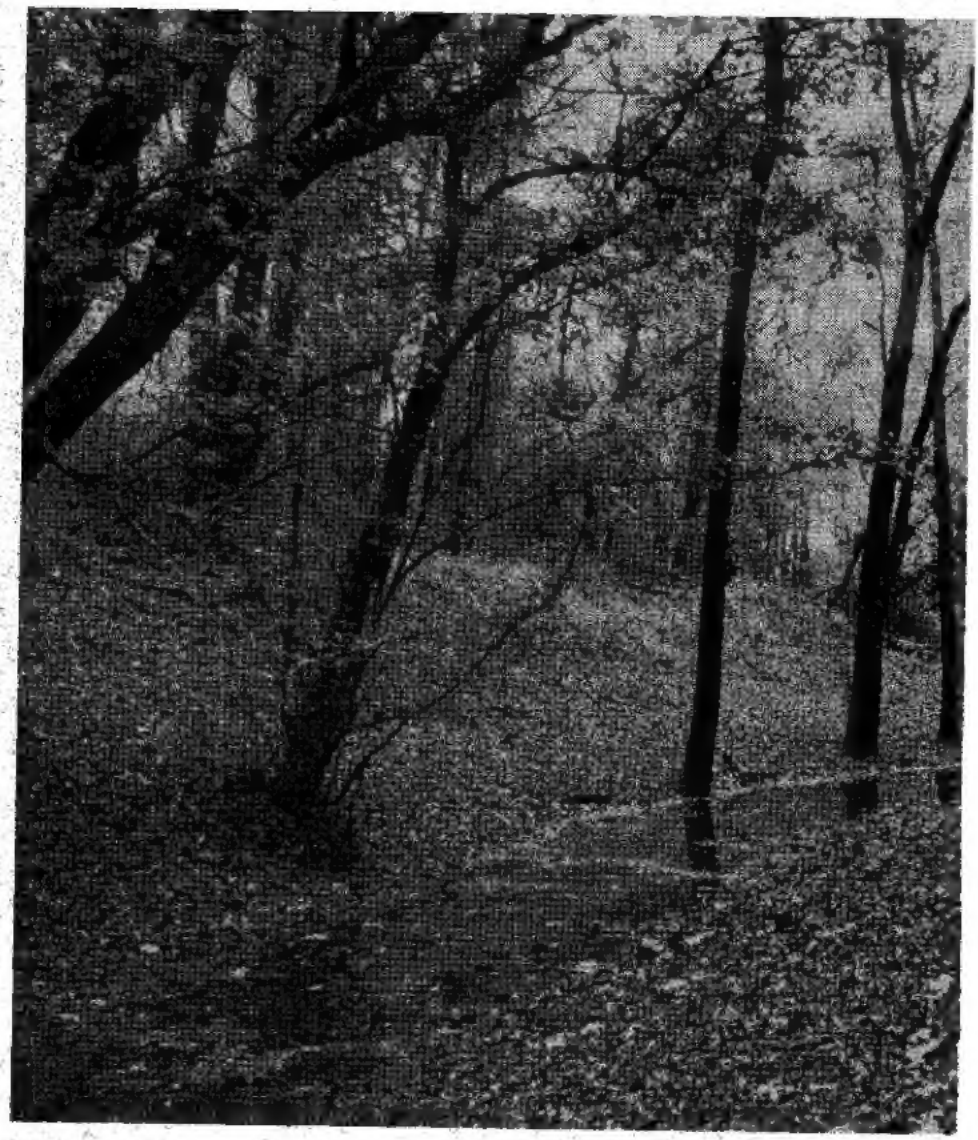
TEXAS won its independence and the flow of new immigrants matched that of the river. Commerce blossomed. Steamboats, flatboats, and keelboats carried cotton and lumber down the Sabine and home goods up the river. Belgrade, Salem, Princeton, and Logansport began to grow along the banks. Ferries and fords were established when cattle and cotton could be shipped legally into Louisiana. The Sabine was busy.

Then the Civil War came, and traffic slowed down. Thanks to Dick Dowling and the small mud fort at Sabine Pass, no Union boats ever came up the river. In one of the war's most lop-sided victories forty-seven Confederates turned back a fleet of over twenty Union ships and 5,000 men, disabling two of the ships and taking several hundred prisoners with no losses to themselves. A later battle in April 1864 at Sabine Crossroads (Mansfield, Louisiana) kept the war from entering Texas at the northern portion of the river.

After the war, lumber became king in Sabine country. Giant conglomerates developed. Lumber barons became millionaires and many people had temporary employment. "Sawmill Town USA" outside Newton provides a picture of life back then—minus, perhaps, the lynchings, brawling, and drinking. But lumbering is a fickle industry; it usually takes from the land as long as there is something there and moves on. When the boom dies, so do the boom towns. Most of the East Texas population left the Sabine and gravitated toward the center of the state.

In 1901 an oil gusher blew at Spindletop near Beaumont at the southern end of the river, and in 1930 the great East Texas oil fields opened up at Kilgore and Longview at the northern end of the river. The Beaumont-Port Arthur-Orange area grew, but the river was not needed for transportation because these cities were so near the Gulf. At its northern end the river was too shallow, and by 1930 trucks were available. So no cities sprang up on the river.

The railroad, perhaps, was the final villain in the Sabine story. With the directness of a straight line, tracks could be laid to any city in Texas. A train can run in almost any weather and is not dependent on high water as is a steamboat. Jefferson, Texas (near the Sabine) trusted the steamboat. The city fathers refused Jay Gould's railroad only to see his prediction of the "death" of the city come true. Around 1900 the last steamer on the Sabine was grounded near Logansport, and with it went any hope of the Sabine's becoming a great waterway.



In the 1960s two dams built on the river produced Lake Tawakoni and Toledo Bend Reservoir. These sparkling lakes provide excellent fishing, boating, and recreation within driving distance of Dallas or Houston. Toledo Bend, like nearby Lake Sam Rayburn, also has the beautiful towering pines of East Texas along its banks. But few people associate these lakes with the river, just as few people realize the beauty and wildness that can be found all along the Sabine.

A canoeist on this old river has the impression of being an explorer in virgin territory. He seldom encounters other boats and can count the number of towns on its banks on one hand. He sees all sorts of wildlife and grazing cattle along the shores and has excellent camping on the many sand banks. Near the Gulf are sea turtles, alligators, and ocean fish. The peacefulness and easy pace of the river block out all feel of the 20th century. Rounding a bend one would not be surprised to have the silence broken by the whistle of a steamboat. If ever there was a waterway that leads straight into the past, the Sabine is it.

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Jim Sadler photo

Left: Stream flowing into the main river. Above: Cattle along the bank don't get to see many travelers. Below right: The lower Sabine. Below center and left: Interesting shapes and patterns are formed from the many trees. The cypress gave the Sabine its name.

Jim Sadler photo

A CAPTAIN'S MEMOIRS --KOSCIUSZKO D. KEITH

He knew the old river well—before the Civil War and afterward . . .

BY K. D. KEITH

Excerpted from "The Memoirs of Captain Kosciuszko D. Keith" published by The Texas Gulf Historical & Biographical Record, (©Texas Gulf Historical Society, P.O. Box 1621 Beaumont 77704). Photographs supplied by R. E. Lee Glasgow; and by W. T. Block from his book, A History of Jefferson County, Texas From Wilderness To Reconstruction.

Courtesy R. E. Lee Glasgow

Edited & Annotated by W. T. Block

INTRODUCTION by W. T. Block: In 1849 so many young American males deserted the worn-out and eroded tobacco and cotton plantations of the eastern seaboard for the California gold diggin's that an entire generation of young women in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia faced spinsterhood unless they went West as well. But long before the Rush, the American West—the rainbow's end, the uncertain and unknown quantity beyond the horizon—possessed a magnetic lure. There were millions of acres of public lands, ripe for the plow, to be had for free or at modest prices. Dr. F. J. Turner's landmark *Western Hypothesis* theorized that the West exercised a magical control over life in the seaboard cities, acting as an escape valve for the ruined plantation owner, the bankrupt merchant, the unemployed, and even the skilled craftsman. Whereas boatloads of immigrants always tended to depress wages in the eastern cities, the mechanic, blacksmith, or carpenter could always flee to the higher pay scales in the West if his own wages fell below the cost of living.

It was toward Texas that Kosciuszko Dewitt Keith and his brothers and sisters were fleeing during the 1850s, and Texas remained "a law unto itself." The popular travel accounts published during the 1840s probably influenced their father to take this direction for resettlement. Many books heralded the land along the Brazos, Colorado, St. Bernard, Trinity, and Red Rivers as being "the richest lands in Texas, perhaps among the richest in the world." During the period of the Republic, 1836 to 1845, Texas gave away tracts of land, 320 to 4,000 acres in size, whereas the public lands of Louisiana sold at $1.25 per acre and higher. Even under statehood during the 1850s, large pri-

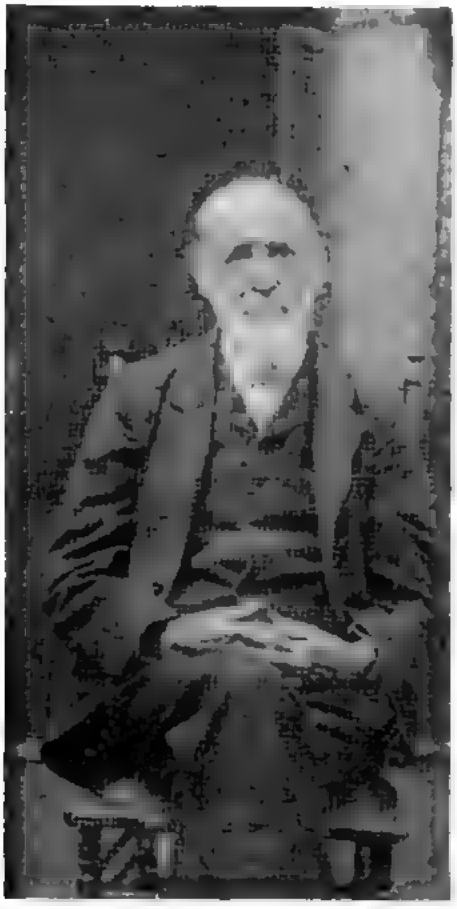
R.E.L.G. Photo

vately-owned tracts in Texas sold for as little as 50¢ per acre.

K. D. Keith and his four brothers and sisters who survived to adulthood could claim descent in the very best American tradition. A grandfather and a great-grandfather had fought in the American Revolution, but on opposing sides. Grandfather Keith had commanded a regiment of Scottish-English cavalry during the Revolution. Upon settling in South Carolina after the war, he suffered continuing ostracization from his neighbors because of his choice of allegiance and when the War of 1812 reactivated anti-British feelings, he was murdered at his home by night-riding 'jayhawkers.' His son, John Williamson Keith, became K. D.'s father.

His great-grandfather on his mother's side entered the United States as a private soldier in the French army and was honorably discharged following his service at the Battle of Yorktown in 1781. His son, Colonel Henry L. Reviere, married Ann Eliza Lawson of Georgia, and the couple, living variously in Georgia and Florida, were prosperous slaveholders. Their daughter (who was K. D.'s mother), Ann Eliza Lawson Reviere, was only six years old when the family was caught up in the Creek Indian War of 1814. They were nearing Fort Mims, Alabama but miraculously escaped when the Creek warriors massacred all of the fort's occupants. Reviere captained a militia company during that era of the War of 1812, which finally resulted with the total defeat of the Creek nation at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend. Peace undoubtedly prevailed thereafter, for Ann Eliza Reviere grew up in the plantation tradition, an accomplished dancer and possessing the best education that the era afforded.

John Williamson Keith, orphaned at such an early age by the murder of his father, experienced every hardship imaginable as a youth, but was encouraged by his mother to read every book that he could lay hands upon. He apprenticed himself to an attorney, and upon reaching maturity was licensed to practice law



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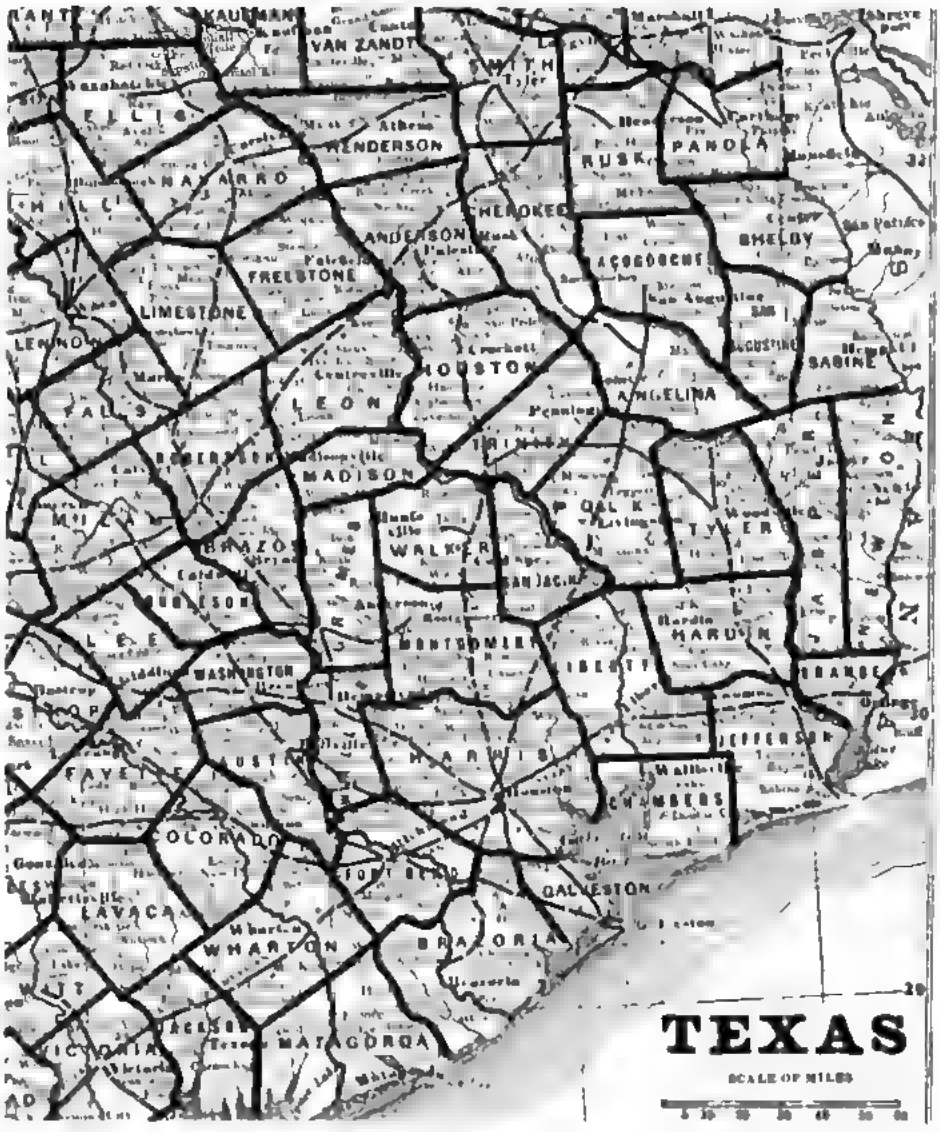


Map from Cram's Family Atlas Of The World, 1898.

Left: Wedding picture of Mary Jane McGaffey Keith, 1857. This photo is from an old color portrait which has spotted over the years. Above: K. D. Keith. Below: Keith home in Luling, 1894-1902.

R.E.L.G. Photo

in Georgia and Florida. On April 2, 1828 he married Ann Eliza Reviere.

The young couple resided thereafter at or near Bainbridge, Georgia and Marianna, Florida, where all of their children were born. Two died during early childhood, but the other five eventually settled in Texas: Henry Cortes Lafayette Keith (b. 1829), Kosciuszko D. Keith (b. 1831), Mary Ann Keith Traylor (b. 1836), Alabama E., or "Allie B.", Keith Vaughan (b. 1840), and John Wilbur Keith (b. 1845).

When in 1848 the Keith family became involuntarily separated from schools and society, John prepared to move his family to his father-in-law's estate in Suggs County, Alabama. He disposed of a large herd of cattle and other assets, bought wagons and mule teams, and was in the process of moving when his father-in-law, H. L. Reviere, died. John Keith then decided to move his family much farther west, perhaps to Caddo Parish, Louisiana, but rain-swollen streams forced the family to take up a temporary residence in Mobile, Alabama. They were still living there in 1853 when John and Ann Eliza fell ill with yellow fever and died.

In the meantime, the oldest son, Henry Keith, had married Sarah E. LaPorte of Mobile. The story now resumes in K. D. Keith's own words, written in 1896.

★ ★ ★ ★

BROTHER HENRY administered the estate, sold all kinds of property, paid all debts, etc. The Negroes were sold in families. He refused to separate a family of man, wife, and two children, notwithstanding he was offered $500 more if he would sell separately. He informed all of us of it and asked our consent to sell in families only, with the condition that families were never to be separated. Be it said to his everlasting credit [that] he insisted on these conditions and so sold them. The Negroes not sold were valued and assigned to each heir as selected by the Negroes. A young man named Andrew selected me as his owner, and he was so assigned. A few weeks afterward, he died of yellow fever. His burial and doctor bills cost me $165. So I paid that amount for the privilege of owning a slave against my own wishes for three weeks.

After the estate was settled up, Brother Henry and his family and all the children except myself moved to Jasper Co., Texas. I remained in Mobile, Alabama, working with Mr. Moore until February 11, 1856, when I left for Texas by way of Alexandria via Red River. That was the nearest point to Jasper I could get by public conveyance. There was a stage line from Alexandria, La. to Nacogdoches, crossing the Sabine at Sabinetown. Not having money enough to pay stage fare to Sabinetown, I bought some cheese and bread and started on foot to Texas. I had walked about 8 miles when two buggies going my way came in sight. I hoped one of them might ask me to ride; it would rest me and help me on. The first one passed by, and there were two men in it. They looked long and hard at me, but said nothing. They drove on. Soon, the other buggy came up with only one man in it. I was tempted to ask for a ride, but did not. The man looked at me some time; finally, he stopped and spoke to me. He asked where I was going and I told him. He asked me to get in the buggy with him, and I gladly did so. I soon found out that his name was Brooks [probably T. G. Brooks, a merchant] and that he lived in San Augustine, Texas. I inquired about the road and the distance to Sabinetown and estimated the time it would require for me to walk there.

He had not said how far I could ride. I finally expressed my thankfulness for his kindness and how much he had helped me along, when he surprised me by saying that was all right and that he would carry me all the way to Texas. I felt very thankful and told him how I felt. We halted at a house for dinner. I helped unharness the horses and told Mr. Brooks I would walk on a way and eat my lunch and wait until he came up. He laughed and said, "No, you won't; you will eat dinner with me."

I told him I had no money. He said, "Didn't I tell you I would take you to Texas?" Well, I did as he said, so we went in. He introduced me to the other men. We had a fine dinner, stewed venison, well-flavored with pepper. So we went on, Mr. Brooks paying all my expenses. When we got to Sabinetown, Texas, Mr. Brooks took me in the store, introduced me to the storekeeper, and asked him to help me to get to Jasper. The merchant inquired for a horse and finally gave me a note to a Mr. Norvell living on the road to Jasper, about 3 miles from Sabinetown. I started out and arrived at Mr. Norvell's, who said I could have a horse. I asked what it would cost me and he said it would cost me nothing but the returning of the horse. The once-a-week mail rider would bring the horse back, but he might charge me something.

So, with the mail rider, I got off for Jasper the next morning. It was 5 or 6 miles out on Walnut Run where Brother Henry lived on a farm. The mail rider went with me and we arrived there after night. I had no money with me, but Brother Henry paid the mail rider $2.50 to take the horse back. So I got to Texas by the kind help of others.

I went about helping Brother with his work, of which he had a large quantity to do. I was in Texas! I found it was a long way between houses. The houses were mostly log cabins, but I was in Texas—that was what I had most desired! Very soon, I found the people who lived in these little houses had the biggest hearts of any people I ever saw. I could not help liking Texas.

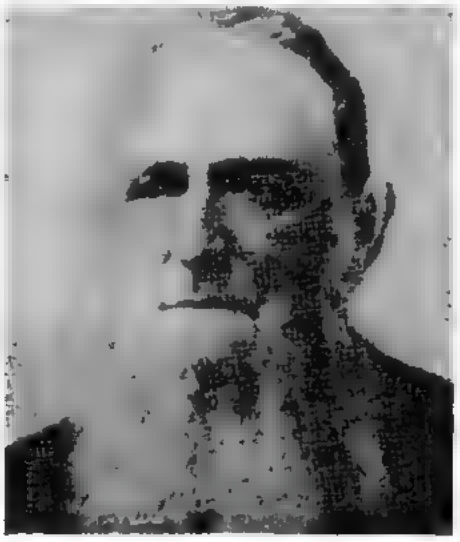
After resting, I began to inquire how I could get to Galveston. There were no boats on the Neches River at that particular time, as the river was too low for navigation. [There was] no stage or any public transportation, so while being detained with my brother and uncle, Col. W. T. Crawford, I inquired for a job while I waited for a chance to go to Galveston. I was first offered a school, but as I had no qualifications for teaching, I declined it. Col. Crawford found a job for me in the town of Jasper, which I accepted, and was very glad to get it.

ON the first day of May, 1856, I began work in the store of W. A. Ferguson as clerk, bookkeeper, etc., at $20 per month and board. I boarded with Mr. George Rose, a relative of Ferguson's. Here I remained until the first of October, 1856. On the second day of October, about 11 o'clock a.m., I received a letter from Mr. Ferguson directing me to proceed immediately to Beaumont to take charge of a store he expected to open in that place. I left Jasper on that day, about 2 o'clock p.m., just three hours after receiving the letter. I proceeded that day twelve miles on horseback to the residence of Col. Crawford, having arranged with the mail rider to meet him the next morning at Mr. Walker's, the Magnolia Springs post office. The post rider was to pilot me to Beaumont.

As appointed, we met. I have forgotten

R.E.L.G. Photo

W.T.B. Photo



Left: Mary Jane McCollister McGaffey, mother of Mary Jane Keith. Above: Otis McGaffey.

LICENSED TO UNZ
ELECTRONIC REPRODUC PROHIBITED

R.E.L.G. Photo

Above: Fourth grade class of Luling in the late 1900s. Keith's daughter Annie is the second from the left in the first row. Below: 1904 portrait of the Keith family. From left to right: Ida Keith Williams, Delia Keith Stair, Allie Bee Keith Schlottman, Sumpter Keith, Mary Jane McGaffey Keith, Annie Keith Glasgow and K. D. Keith.

R.E.L.G. Photo

his name, but he was about 15 years old, a very nice, accommodating young man. I inquired if he went over the route alone. He said he did. I thought to myself, "Well, you often have valuable letters here in Texas. A boy, alone, often twenty miles from house to house, with valuable letters, on horseback. Surely there must be danger of robbery, or else Texas people are all good people." When I inquired, the boy said he had "rode the mail for more than a year and hadn't been robbed yit."

We arrived at Wiess Bluff, about 12 miles, received a good dinner at the home of Mr. Simon Wiess, and got acquainted with the family. The road had been tolerably good so far, though there was no bridge over any of the creeks or gullies. After leaving Wiess Bluff, we found the road to be in some places only a trail, and as there were many trails all about the same size, we followed the blazer on the pine trees. The mail rider knew which trail was the right one. We crossed the Neches River at Collier's Ferry and arrived in Beaumont at dusk.

Tired? Yes. We halted at the front gate of Cave Johnson's hotel. I met Mr. Johnson, who handed me a letter from Mr. Ferguson, giving instructions, etc. At supper, Mr. Johnson introduced his wife and Mr. Bid Langham. The next morning, I looked over the town. I found two stores—one owned by Mr. W. Herring, the other owned by Herring and Ruff. I found one saloon owned and managed by C. H. Ruff, brother of the merchant. One blacksmith shop owned by Isaiah Junker. [There was] a ferry across the river in the northern part of town owned by Mrs. Hutchinson. One sawmill on Brake's Bayou, north of town, owned by William Phillips. There was one road passing through the town, the Woodville road, which passed the courthouse and Mrs. Jirou's place in the country. Another road left this one near Mrs. Calder's and was known as the Liberty Road, passing out to Bill McFaddin's place.

The Woodville Road crossed Pine Island Bayou at Chessher's Ferry. John Marble lived on this road about half way to Chessher's Ferry. There was one doctor, G. W. Hawley, who owned a drug store. There were two lawyers in town, John Calhoun Robertson and "Walking" Gray. "Walking" was a nickname given to Mr. Gray because he walked around the circuit to attend the courts. The circuit included Liberty, Tyler, Jasper, Newton, Orange, Chambers and Jefferson counties. Cave Johnson was a good social man. He told me lots of things about Mr. Gray who, he said, was the best lawyer in the district.

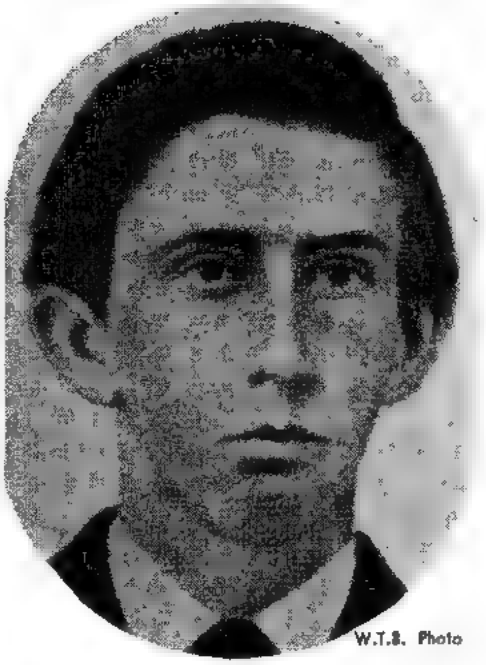
I was surprised one morning about sunrise. I opened the store doors (I slept in the store), when in walked a man who had on only his drawers, socks, and undershirt, and [was] bare-headed. He said he wanted a chew of tobacco. I handed him a flat plug, thinking he would cut off a chew, but he cut a small piece off, which he handed to me, and started off with the plug. I objected. About this time, Cave Johnson came up and told me it was all right, so the man went off. Cave explained to me, saying, "That is 'Walking' Gray."

When Mr. Ferguson left, he directed me to sell the goods for cash and said he would come around about every two weeks. In the meantime, if his partner, Mr. C. H. Alexander of Sabine Pass, asked for money, [I was] not to let him have it. Well, I said all right, but I thought it strange. One rule I have always observed was to ask few questions and say as little as possible. We had a stock of about $10,000 worth of goods bought in New York. I noted that the goods were bought on time and the price paid rather high, but that was none of my business.

THE DAY AFTER my arrival, everybody came around to see the new store, so I made the acquaintance of the town and some country people. Everybody seemed to have money. The saloon was the most popular place. The men all wore large spurs and a six-shooter; still, they seemed social and good natured. Everybody drank whiskey and used tobacco in every form. We had in our stock: whiskey, brandy, wine, rum, gin, tobacco, snuff, brandied peaches and cherries, and everything in the line of dry goods, notions, etc. Also, groceries of all kinds and hardware, cutlery, and saddlery. Also, lemon syrup. There was no ice in Texas at that time except in winter time.

The business was good, and I piled the silver in the safe. The safe was a sheet iron box twelve inches deep, eighteen inches wide, and two feet high. The key would weigh about eight ounces, a regular

W.T.S. Photo



W.T.S. Photo

Left: K. D. and Mary Jane Keith about 1895. Above: John W. Keith. Right (top & bottom): Ads from the *Sabine Pass Beacon*, June 10, 1871.

barn door affair. A strong man could have carried the box off on his back. After every two weeks, Mr. Ferguson came and relieved the safe of the cash. I remained here until the first of September, 1857, when I went to Sabine Pass.

Out of my salary, I had saved $460. Having relatives and friends in Jasper who shipped to New Orleans by Sabine Pass, where it was reshipped, my purpose was to begin an office and receive and forward cotton and other produce.

There were two firms already in business. They were C. H. Alexander and Company and Otis McGaffey. They occupied the only two wharves, so it was necessary for me to make some kind of arrangements to use the wharves, etc. I had not succeeded in this when Mr. McGaffey proposed to sell me a half-interest in his business, including his stock of goods amounting to about three thousand dollars. I bought the interest, paying my $460, and giving my notes for [the] balance. This trade was concluded the 8th day of September, 1857.

During the week, I met at a ball Mrs. Otis McGaffey and her daughter, Miss Mary. Mr. Sweet introduced me to them. I asked Miss Mary if I could have the honor of being her partner in the next dance. She said she was sorry, but she was engaged the next set; but after that, she would dance with me. Her mother spoke up and said she would dance with me that set. We had a fine time. I made the acquaintance of lots of folks. The supper was just splendid. That was, at this writing, nearly 48 years ago, and I have been dancing with Miss Mary ever since that time.

Sabine Pass was a small village of some 250 inhabitants, located on the Texas side of the Pass. The houses were all wood and strung along the Pass. The townsite had been laid out on paper, and a few pegs driven at the corners of blocks and a few of the lots. The townsite was on land belonging to John McGaffey, the first settler, whose widow lived about 2 miles west of the town. He was an uncle of my partner. One narrow way along the Pass was about all the traveled street. It was about 20 feet in front of the houses. All [in] back was prairie and with high grass, which was the harbor for tons of mosquitoes and flies. There was not a doctor or a lawyer in the place, but the people were the happiest, most social, healthy and generous of people I ever saw.

Our business prospered, and our prospects were good. My acquaintance with Miss Mary continued to be pleasant. The store and warehouse were [so] near the home that I could hear the accordian, which Miss Mary played beautifully. When she wanted me to come over, she played certain pieces. I seldom missed responding to the call. On the third day of December, 1857, we were married. Charles Hotchkiss, justice of the peace, officiated, as he was the only official. Nor did we have any use for courts and officials. There were no church organizations nor a preacher in town [Keith's memory may have failed him here. Sabine had a Methodist congregation and building from 1848 on. Circuit riders were assigned to it, although there was no resident pastor until 1858. In September, 1858, Sabine had "two Christian denominations and one preacher" located there.] Mr. Charles Hotchkiss and family were first-class people in every way.

In 1858, the government contracted with Harris and Morgan, who had [contracted for] the carrying of the mail by steamship from New Orleans to Texas. This required the mails to be delivered at the Pass once a week, going to and coming from Indianola and Galveston. Our representative in Congress, the Hon. John Reagan, got this done. We immediately applied to Harris and Morgan for the agency and promptly received it. The first trip of the steamship *Magnolia*, Capt. Flanders sent the mails and freight

RESOLUTIONS

Luling Relief Association.

WHEREAS, With regret we accept the resignation of CAPT. K. D. KEITH as president of Luling Relief Association, on account of the removal of himself and family from our community, therefore,

Resolved, That in return for the consistent, disinterested and eminent abilities with which he has discharged the delicate and difficult functions of this office, in heeding the cry of distress and in "pouring oil and wine" upon the wounds of affliction; with a heart always beating responsive to the tender touches of beautiful charity, we offer this poor but cordial appreciation.

Resolved, That wherever CAPT. KEITH'S lot may be cast, whether the lines may fall to him in pleasant places or on the rougher waysides of life, we do most earnestly commend him as a good man, a public-spirited citizen and a Christian gentleman.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the Luling Signal for publication, and the same be engrossed by our brother, L. Alf. Lacrosse, and presented to CAPT. K. D. KEITH, with the kindly and fraternal regards of

J. VAN GASKEN
J. R. GRIFFIN,
C. N. MCGAFFEY,
Committee.

R.E.L.G. Clipping

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capital $250,000 Assets $368,865,61.

PLANTERS'

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

Houston, Texas.

Fire, Marine and Inland Insurance.

A. J. BURKE, President.
ROBT BREWSTER, Vice President.
C. S LONGCOPE, Secretary.

Directors.

A. J. Burke, C. S. Longcope, John Brashear, Rob't Brewster, E. H. Cushing, W M. Taylor, B. A. Botts, John Shearn, J. W. Henderson, Wm. R. Baker, W. B. Botts S. K McIlhenny, R. Cohen.

Policies made payable in Currency or Gold, as desired.

K. D. KEITH, Agent,
Sabine Pass, Texas.

v4-n27. 3m.

W.T.B. Clipping

in by yawl boat. The captain said the ship could not get in. To this we made vigorous protest. The next trip, Harris and Morgan ordered the captain to take a pilot and go in. The ship came in, but stopped below the reefs. We protested against that. I went with the pilot, Charles Burch, and surveyed the Louisiana Channel, which Capt. Flanders swore did not exist. I did this work carefully and made a map of the reefs and the channel, which had never been navigated. [Keith was among the first group of pilots licensed for the Sabine Bar after the Civil War.] I then sent the map with a proposition to take the ship up to our wharf in town for one year, and, if the steamer stuck one time during the year, Burch, the pilot, would forfeit his entire year's work. Mr. Harris, for Harris and Morgan, ordered Capt. Flanders to turn the ship over to Pilot Burch. So the first vessel passed into town through the Louisiana Channel, which, since that time, has become the principal channel used. Up until then, the Texas Channel was supposed to be the only channel through the oyster reefs.

After this, the ships came in regularly, and the business rapidly increased. The population also increased rapidly. In 1859, work on the East Texas Railroad [successor to the Mexican Gulf and Henderson] and the Texas and New Orleans Railway [was] rushed. A great deal of shipping from New York and Philadelphia came in bringing railway construction material. The population ran up to about 5,000. Heavy wholesale houses multiplied. Harris and Morgan doubled the steamship service, and everything was on a boom. Our business had grown to such an extent [that] we were surprised. The steamship people concluded they needed an agent not in the shipping business, so Mr. McGaffey sold his interest in the shipping business to Mr. John C. Craig. Our firm became Craig and Keith, Mr. McGaffey retaining the agency for the Morgan ships.

OTIS McGAFFEY. E. P. HARRIS.

OTIS M'GAFFEY & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

GENT'S AND LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS AND

Notions.

CLOTHING, HARDWARE, CROCKERY WARE,

Hats,
Caps, boots, shoes
Ladies' trimmed hats, ribbons,
Laces, bindings, velvet trimming,
Ginghams, chambray, Irish linen, shirt fronts,
Calicoes, domestics, linseys, kerseys, lawns, checks, cotton stripes, factory thread, stationery, letter, note and cap paper, pencils, pens, ink, blotting and wrapping paper, writing fluid,
Ink stands, toys, china and wax dolls, fish hooks and lines, cast nets, marbles, Banjos, violins, accordions, violin strings, pins, needles, braid, Head nets,
Beads, balls, fine combs, tuck and side combs, redding-combs, hair pins, kid gloves,
Ladies' & gents' hose, nubias, sontags, hoods, shawls, blankets, flannels, delanies, berage,
Alpaca, port monies, purses, fancy buttons, lamps, oil, wicks, burners, chimneys, trimmers,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

Plows, hoes, trace, log and lock chains, halter chains, monkey wrenches, grind stones, corn shelters, castings, blind bridles, plowlines, hatchets, chisels, saws hammers, saw handles,
Augers and handles, gimblets, saddles, bridles, blind bridles, stirrups, surcingles,
spurs, bridle bits, shoe thread, awls, shoe hammers, coffee toasters, churns,
Bells, buckets, tubs, sausage grinders, saddle bags, cards, coffee mills,
Furniture, clocks, saddle blankets, ready made clothing, sheeting,
HOOP SKIRTS ASSORTED SIZES.

GROCERIES,

Chewing and smoking tobacco, pipes,
Candles, cigars, snuff, paper, spice,
Onions, nutmegs, Irish potatoes,
Cod fish, sard'nes, pickles,
Preserves, canned
fruit, Dye
Stuffs.

A Beautiful and well selected stock of Crockery and Glass Ware, Bagging and Ties, Grass Rope, Horse Collars, Hames, Candles, starch, copperas, and various other articles too numerous to mention.

All Low for Cash or Country Produce.

v4-n21] Sabine Pass, Texas. [1y.

W.T.B. Clipping

EVERYTHING moved along nicely until the war came along. In 1861, business ceased. Wild reports and alarms prevailed, so the citizens held a mass meeting and selected a committee of safety composed of five citizens. The committee organized by electing D. R. Wingate, chairman, and K. D. Keith, secretary. A military company, called Home Guards, organized with Z. Williams Eddy, a Boston, Massachusetts man, as captain. This company was never mustered, but formed a new company with William Beynon as captain. The company was mustered into service. Dr. Blair organized a cavalry company. The Committee of Safety had a fort built about a mile and a half below town and called it Fort Sabine. Having a fort, it was necessary to have some guns, so the committee sent me to Galveston to see what could be done. I went to Galveston by the beach route on July 3, 1861, in a buggy with Mr. Sam Adams.

The port of Galveston was blockaded by the steamer *South Carolina* [on] July 2, 1861. I found General Sherman in command. He said I could go home as there were no guns to be had. But I hung on, got acquainted with Captain Moore, who seemed to manage everything. He told me there were two guns there [that] they could spare, but they were not mounted. I told him we could do that, so he gave me an order for them and 25 solid shot. I got the schooner *Fountainbleau* to take the guns and myself to Sabine Pass. Captain Moore sent a man along to show us how to mount the guns. The Committee of Safety had bought all the powder in town and got the ladies to make flannel bags for cartridge bags. I was very much pleased and so was everybody in town. After we got the guns mounted so we could shoot them, we felt that we were now safe, and if the Yank dared to attack us, we would do them up there and then. Our committee made application for more and larger guns.

Colonel J. B. Likens visited headquarters at Galveston, General [Paul O.] Hebert commanding, and got authority to

(Continued on page 38)

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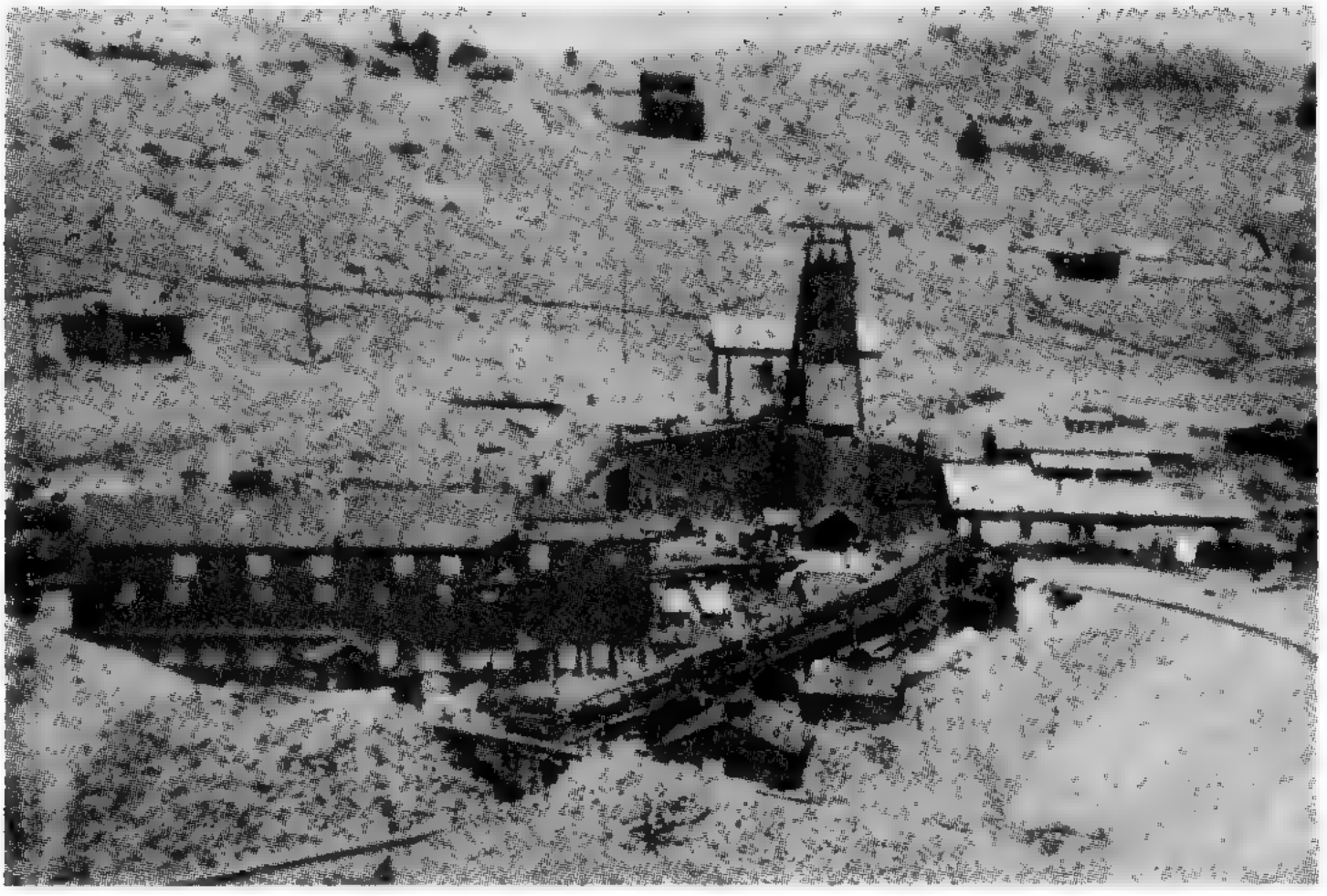


HIGRADERS

—a first-hand explanation of how they operated

BY RUFUS L. PORTER

Photos Courtesy Author

IN the early days there were no laws against higrading. Lode mines in other areas seldom were rich enough for the owners to worry about the miners stealing the hot stuff. But that didn't hold true at Cripple Creek, Colorado. With only six square miles of producing area, it proved itself to be the richest spot ever found anywhere. I am not including placer gold here, but hard rock gold.

And it was the higrade (the general spelling used to denote high-grade ore) that made the millionaires—and helped the miners double their wages by carrying home a little "pocket ore" every day. In fact, experts have estimated that at least $50 million was taken by the working miners and the professional higraders that was never registered at the Denver mint.

One time a mine owner hauled a miner into court for stealing higrade. The judge asked, "What is higrade?"

"This," said the owner, and showed His Honor a rock he had taken from the miner.

The judge looked it over and said, "This is just a rock; a rock is real estate; and everybody knows one can't steal real estate."

But later, in self-defense against the loss of their richest ore, mine owners pressured the Colorado Legislature to rush through a bill that would end the practice. It was a futile effort on the owners' part. Higrading went on as usual. If a miner was caught higrading, or carrying off higrade, he would be severely reprimanded at first. The next time, he was fired. And if he was fired for the same reason three times, he would be blackballed and could never find another job in camp. The management wasn't too hard on the miners because most supers and mine bosses had done their own share of higrading on the way up the ladder of success.

But if a buyer of higrade who made it possible for the miners to profit from stealing, were caught he could be sent to prison. Quite a few of those buyers spent from five to ten years in the Colorado penitentiary, but others took their places, so the game continued right up to the shut-down at the end of 1961.

This isn't to say that all Cripple Creek ore was higrade, though it does occur in nearly all the veins in the district. But, the world over, the average gold ore will not assay over half an ounce in gold per ton.

Miners are as honest, on the average, as men in other walks of life. They pay

Far left: Cresson Mine, sometimes called the "daddy of them all" because of the size of its ore bodies. It was here they discovered the famous "Cresson Vug," an underground cavern on the 12th level whose sides were lined with almost pure gold crystals. $1,200,000 worth was scraped from the walls. Above: Two-block-long funeral procession for several of Orchard's victims. Left: Harry Orchard, bomb expert and higrader.

their bills and they seldom try to cheat or rob anybody. The number of criminals among hardrockers is comparatively small. But higrading comes as natural to them as breathing. I never met more than a dozen miners who swore they had never higraded—and I doubted the word of half of them.

Higradng has been going on as long as men have mined gold for profit. In the California placer fields it became necessary to search the men thoroughly as they came off shift. They had to strip and stand a naked search to prove they had no small pouches of dust concealed under their armpits; no nuggets between their toes. Their hair, ears, nostrils and mouths were searched and they were forced to squat so that if they had a small vial of gold in their rectum it would pop out But they swallowed the stuff and got away with it anyhow. There were no fluoroscopes in those days.

PLACER MINING has always been a fertile field for higraders. But until Cripple Creek was discovered, the practice had never been much of a temptation. In the hard rock veins and lodes, higrade, "pocket ore," is comparatively rare. Certainly it is encountered to some extent wherever gold is mined—and when it is, it is higraded.

But Cripple Creek was something else again. The gold wasn't yellow and it wasn't soft. There it comes in hard, brittle sylvanite and calaverite crystals, and the higrade is something to behold. It excites a man almost as much to find it when he is working for the other fellow as it does when he finds it on his own. And sometimes it runs more than $100 per pound, more gold than rock.

At the El Paso mine on Beacon Hill there were "bug holes" filled with pure calaverite crystals in the veins. The El Paso once shipped 2,905 pounds of ore that produced $75,209. The miners would drill into the bug holes and catch the dust, worth $14 per ounce. They often took their hats off and caught the stuff in their hair. The richness and the amount of Cripple Creek higrade remains unequaled in the world. Yes, it is still found in the veins, but not so much or so often. And it is still higraded, in spite of all the precautions the companies take to prevent it.

When three Irishmen, Harnan, Burns and Doyle, could carry $80,000 worth of ore on their backs at night down Battle Mountain from their Portland claim in three months' time, it had to be higrade. When Stratton could limit production to a mere $150,000 a month from his Independence mine in the old hand-drilling days, it had to be higrade. When the Woods brothers could produce a million and a half in gold in one year from their Gold Coin mine, it had to be higrade.

Any time ore will average one ounce per ton, you can see sylvanite in the broken rock. Not in all of it, but once in a while, if you look for it. When it runs three or more ounces per ton, you can actually pick small pieces of higrade out of the broken ore. When it runs ten ounces per ton, you can make money by sorting out the higrade and shipping it in a small separate lot.

NOT all higraders were miners. Some were ore sorters. Every mine had its orehouse where the ore was screened and washed. Slime from the washing was

the most valuable; the screenings were next best. The sorted ore was then run on a belt (usually), with a group of men busily picking out the good ore. The waste rock went to the orehouse dump. The ore being washed clean was easy to recognize, and few of the higrade rocks ever reached the ore bins—the ore sorters stole them.

Companies hired men to watch from a separate room through small holes drilled in the orehouse walls but the watchers and the sorters divided the gravy—so that didn't help the owners a great deal. Of course, there were some honest sorters and also some honest watchers. But with all the owners' precautions, it has been variously estimated that between $30-50 million never saw the mint, and is therefore not listed with the $826 million that did go through the mint. Most of the expert guessers at the figure taken by the higraders considered the $50 million figure came closer to being correct. (I have based this amount on the price of $35 per ounce. Its bulk would weigh 1,000 tons of gold.)

During the great labor war of 1903-4, Haywood and Moyer, secretary and president of the Western Federation of Miners, imported a man named Harry Orchard (an alias, for he was born in Ontario, Canada under the name of Albert Horsley). Orchard was offered big money for coming into the gold camp to "help the union win the strike."

The miners really didn't want to strike. They were drawing the highest pay in the gold mines; they also had the best working conditions. Many of them refused to strike, but the greatest number by far did strike.

But as the thing dragged along for months, more and more miners left the strike and went back to work. Orchard was imported for the purpose of scaring the entire County of Teller into knuckling down before Haywood and Moyer.

Orchard settled down in the town of Independence, near the Vindicator mine. He was considered by one and all as a very kind and considerate man. He taught Sunday School and he was always treating the kids to candy. He seemed to love the kids. Having no means of livelihood (he hadn't, as yet, been called upon for the big job) he climbed down the Vindicator mine shaft every night and higraded the rich streaks that kept him in plenty of spending money.

He also set a bombing device on the sixth level of the mine hoping to catch a working crew and kill them. But he had set the bomb on the wrong level. He wondered for several days why he hadn't killed the crew working on the seventh level. A few days later the mine super and shift boss stepped off on the sixth level and were bombed to death.

Orchard had fixed a fool-proof device by placing a box of dynamite (fifty pounds), which he had also stolen from the company. The box was set with a wire leading to a pistol on the other side of the shaft. When the two men stepped off at the level station, they walked into the wire and that pulled the trigger on the gun. The resulting explosion killed both men.

This caused quite a ruckus in the gold camps but nobody dreamed that Orchard had been the bomber. He kept right on higrading on the Vindicator. The labor war was a terrific one—the worst in Colorado history. Both the union and the mine owners then imported gunslingers as the affair grew hotter and hotter.

Finally word came to Orchard that it was time for his big job to be executed. He had already bombed fifty-five men to death in the Coeur D'Alene silver district in Idaho a couple of years before. For his crowning achievement, Orchard placed two boxes (100 pounds) of dynamite under the Independence depot platform and rigged them so that the caps would be detonated by vials of sulfuric acid which, in turn, would set off the dynamite. He ran a string of 158 yards to where he and his accomplice, Steve Adams, were hidden behind an abandoned orehouse. Orchard had a horse whose hoofs were carefully wrapped in burlap, and Adams had soaked the soles of his boots in turpentine. He lived just over the hill to Midway. He was an old-timer, a good miner, and no one ever suspected him.

They waited for the night crew to come off the Findley mine nearby and the night train to come by to take the miners home. About twenty-five men were standing on the platform when the train pulled in and stopped. Then Orchard pulled the string and exploded the huge bomb.

Immediately after the explosion Adams hiked back over the hill to Midway. Orchard followed the Cripple Creek Shore Line railroad for a distance and then took off northward through the hills. He hid out by day and traveled by night. His sudden disappearance caused many of the citizens of Independence to suspect that Orchard was the culprit. He rode as far as Wyoming and then took a passenger train from Laramie on the U.P.R.R. to California, where he holed up.

His explosion at Independence killed thirteen men outright and one died the next day. And many others required surgery such as removing one or both arms. Old-timers told me that three weeks after the explosion residents were still finding shreds of human flesh as far away from the depot as 300 yards. The ravens and magpies helped to clean up the camp, also.

Later, Orchard was offered $1,000 to kill ex-Governor Stuenenberg of Idaho and accepted. He fixed a bomb on the ex-governor's gate so that when he opened it he would be killed—and he was. But Orchard was apprehended, convicted and spent the rest of his life as a model prisoner and the prison's gardener. He even "got religion." He also confessed all his sins against his fellowmen. He was converted by the ex-governor's wife. Orchard died in June of 1954 at age eighty-four.

Independence Depot after it was blown up.

Photo Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

THE FABULOUS "Cresson Vug" was discovered just a few years before I first landed in the camp, and it was still

(Continued on page 35)

The "Luckless" Detachment Did Okay

—twenty-two ghosts can be laid to rest

BY EILEEN CHARBO

Clippings Courtesy Author

BLIZZARDS swirled over the plains and in the Rockies when Arizona was organized as a Territory in 1863. The Confederacy had already recognized it, so President Lincoln made hasty arrangements to anchor the area to the Union although there were less than 600 native-born Americans there.

A wintry sun was shining when cactus wrens, basking in the chilly warmth of the saguaros, were startled by a column of marching men and their rolling wagons of equipment. This was a military escort accompanying John Noble Goodwin, first Territorial Governor on his way from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas to Fort Whipple, Arizona to set up the government.

For years stories have been repeated about twenty-two Missouri Volunteers who froze to death in a Kansas blizzard that overtook them on their return trip. As late as August 14, 1929, the Kansas City *Times* printed the traditional claim that they are buried in a common grave near old Fort Aubrey on the plains beyond Syracuse, Kansas.

Who were they? Could officer carelessness have been responsible for such a catastrophe? What blizzard came on so fast that twenty-two able-bodied, resourceful soldiers perished? Didn't they have wagons? Were they afoot or mounted? Exactly when did it happen, and were they marching or bivouacked? It doesn't figure that seasoned frontier-bred boys would make an encampment so carelessly that not one survived. And there were buildings at Fort Aubrey. News clippings browning with age in historical libraries repeat the questions with varying answers.

Research, with its little stinger of true fact, pierces balloons of supposition and ravels oral embroidery. The storm, the deaths, the soldiers' very presence in a blizzard area, are all refuted.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN had appointed John Gurley of Ohio as Arizona's

(Continued on page 42)

INTO A PRAIRIE TRAGEDY

NAMES OF SOLDIERS FROZEN TO DEATH IN 1863 ARE SOUGHT.

The Missouri Historical Society Is to be Asked to Assist in Identification of Troops at Ft Aubrey, Kan

(By The Star's Own Service.)

SYRACUSE, KAN., Aug 13.—In 1863 a severe blizzard swept Western Kansas. Ft. Aubrey, east of Syracuse, twenty-two Missouri soldiers huddled together for warmth. They had stopped here on their return from Arizona where they had served as an escort for Governor Goodwin. The storm was too much for them. They froze to death. Who were they? So far, investigators have been unable to learn. Western Kansas historians hope to get the aid of the Missouri Historical Society to identify this luckless detachment.

MILITARY RECORDS ARE SILENT.

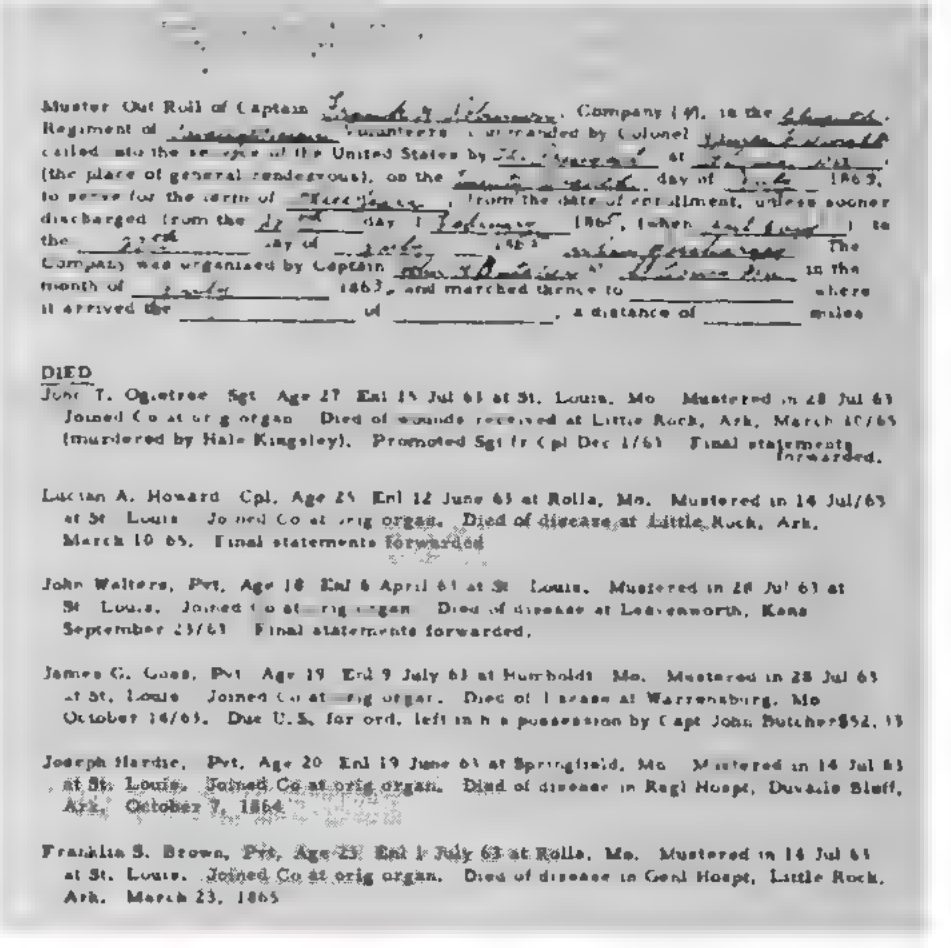
Missouri military records throw no light on their names. Records at Ft. Leavenworth tell of the venture to Arizona, but do not name the soldiers. Perhaps there is an exciting drama behind their deaths which will come to light if historians are successful in recovering the story. They are striving to answer. Why are the records incomplete? Was carelessness and lack of foresight by officers responsible for the deaths? Did the blizzard announce itself beforehand or did it blow so suddenly precautions could not be taken?

According to available information, the men reached the fort at night, and made their bunks without sight of a storm. They froze to death as they slept.

A MEMORIAL PARK PROPOSED.

Plans are under way here to develop the site of Ft. Aubrey as a memorial park. It is just south of U S Highway No. 50, where there is a stream more than a mile long with a gravel bottom. The stream, three to six feet deep and ten to forty feet wide, is fed by underflow. Beavers have built a dam there. With this natural environment, the historic site would be a magnet for visitors. Opposite this stream, in the Arkansas River lies famous Choteau Island, named for a family that played a large role in developing the West. Here was the family's camp as it developed a fur business that demanded an "eastern" shipping point. The result was that Kansas City was founded.

Perhaps when the identity of the twenty-two Missouri soldiers and their mission at this frontier outpost is known, the site of old Ft Aubrey will become added importance to Syracuse as well as Kansas City.



Muster Out Roll of Captain [illegible], Company [illegible], in the [illegible] Regiment of [illegible] Volunteers commanded by Colonel [illegible] called into the service of the United States by [illegible] at [illegible] (the place of general rendezvous), on the [illegible] day of [illegible] 1863, to serve for the term of [illegible], from the date of enrollment, unless sooner discharged from the [illegible] day [illegible], 1865, when [illegible] to the [illegible] day of [illegible], 1865. The Company was organized by Captain [illegible] in the month of [illegible] 1863, and marched thence to [illegible] where it arrived the [illegible] of [illegible], a distance of [illegible] miles

DIED

John T. Ogletree Sgt Age 27 Enl 15 Jul 61 at St. Louis, Mo Mustered in 28 Jul 61 Joined Co at orig organ Died of wounds received at Little Rock, Ark, March 10/65 (murdered by Hale Kingsley). Promoted Sgt fr Cpl Dec 1/61 Final statements forwarded.

Lucian A. Howard Cpl. Age 25 Enl 12 June 61 at Rolla, Mo. Mustered in 14 Jul/61 at St Louis Joined Co at orig organ. Died of disease at Little Rock, Ark. March 10 65. Final statements forwarded

John Walters, Pvt, Age 18 Enl 6 April 61 at St Louis. Mustered in 28 Jul 61 at St Louis. Joined Co at orig organ Died of disease at Leavenworth, Kans September 23/61 Final statements forwarded.

James G. Goss, Pvt Age 19 Enl 9 July 61 at Humboldt Mo. Mustered in 28 Jul 61 at St. Louis Joined Co at orig organ. Died of disease at Warrensburg, Mo October 14/61. Due U.S. for ord. left in his possession by Capt John Butcher $52.13

Joseph Hardie, Pvt. Age 20 Enl 19 June 61 at Springfield, Mo Mustered in 14 Jul 61 at St. Louis. Joined Co at orig organ. Died of disease in Regl Hospt, Duvalls Bluff, Ark. October 7, 1864

Franklin S. Brown, Pvt, Age 23 Enl 1 July 61 at Rolla, Mo. Mustered in 14 Jul 61 at St. Louis. Joined Co at orig organ. Died of disease in Genl Hospt, Little Rock, Ark. March 23, 1865

Bat Masterson Is

—and living in Washington's Teanaway Valley

BY PATRICIA LATOURETTE LUCAS

Courtesy The Seattle Times Magazine Photos Courtesy Author

A FIRST COUSIN (twice removed) of the famous lawman of the early days, Bat Masterson, seventy-nine, has spent all of his life in the Pacific Northwest. To find him you must first find the Teanaway Valley. It's northwest of Ellensburg, Washington. There East Masterson Road, West Masterson Road, and Masterson Road all lead to Masterson Ranch where Bat and his family own 2,380 acres.

Bat's sturdy stucco house with cobblestone chimneys and porch was built by his father in 1923. It is surrounded by old-fashioned sweet william, columbine and daisies. Sandy McGregor, a Collie cattle dog, rested by the front door when we arrived.

Tall and strong, Bat had come in from the range where on horseback he daily checks his herd of 250 registered Black Angus cattle. He sat at a round oak table in the living room.

"My grandfather, James Masterson, was born in Zanesville, Ohio in 1833," he said. "When he was thirteen years old he joined a wagontrain coming west across the plains."

James Masterson became a United States marshal in Russell City, Kansas in the early 1860s, about the same time his cousin Bat Masterson was marshal of Dodge City.

James Masterson was to follow many pursuits and cross the plains many more times before he named his grandson. On July 14, 1863 he married Laura Isabella Dorwin at a little settlement near Bannock City, Idaho, later called Idaho City.

"They moved to Silver City where they prospected for silver and gold and their first son, my uncle Howard, was born. Later they returned to Springfield, Illinois, recrossed the plains to a ranch in eastern Kansas and in 1867 headed to Wyoming.

"Grandmother kept a diary of the trip which my sister, Isabella Bowen (who lives in Seattle) still has. Grandmother noted that the wagontrain was attacked by Indians and several people and cattle were killed. Most of the settlers kept on going west. My grandparents were the only ones to settle in the area that later became Cheyenne.

"My father, Harry, was the first white child born in Cheyenne when it was still Indian territory. The family then struck out for the Oregon Territory, settling in Portland.

"In the early 1870s Grandfather left his family and set out on foot to find himself a ranch. From Portland he walked to The Dalles, crossed the Columbia and came up to Klickitat. All prospectors walked in those days. It wasn't unusual for a man to walk several hundred miles."

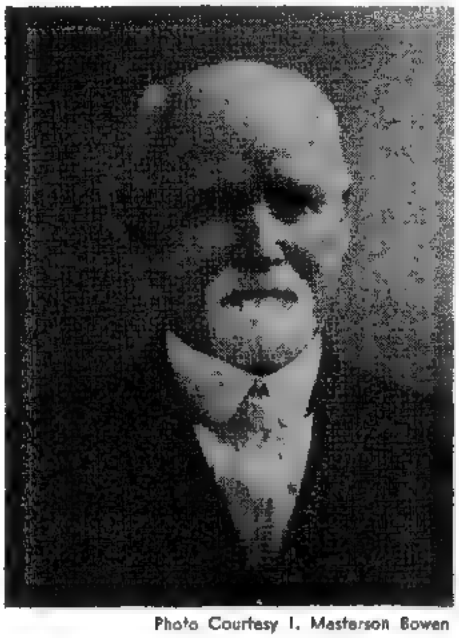


Photo Courtesy I. Masterson Bowen

James Masterson in his seventies.

JAMES MASTERSON followed the trails through the sagebrush into Union Gap, Squaw Creek, Badger Pocket and on to Ellensburg.

When he came to the Teanaway Valley it was called "Teanawins" by the Indians. It wasn't until the railroad came through in 1886 that the telegraph operator at the depot changed the name to Teanaway. He said Teanawins was too hard to transmit by telegraph. James Masterson loved the place and vowed to return.

He walked back to Portland, gathered up his family, which now included a baby girl, and set off again. This time they traveled with a team of horses and a wagon and headed up the coast, settling in Snohomish.

"A year or so later," Bat said, "they pushed east. Grandfather was on muleback and the rest of the family on horses to climb the mountain passes.

"In her pocket, Laura Isabella carried sweet william and poppy seeds which she hoped to plant in her permanent home, wherever and whenever they reached it.

"At the summit of Stampede Pass, the little party on horseback met a man who warned them that the Indians were on the warpath and had just massacred the Perkins family down on the Columbia. Grandfather said that he was not going back.

"The fellow said, 'Well, you're taking the safety of your family in your own hands. The Indians are really stirred up.'

"Grandfather came on over the pass. At Swauk Creek, he met the Indians. They stopped him and talked for two hours.

"'Whose land is this?' the Indians asked.

"'As far as I'm concerned, it belongs to you,' James Masterson told them.

"'You may pass on,' the Indians finally said."

IN Ellensburg the Mastersons found a small settlement. James opened a lodging house and restaurant, which was run by his wife. The two boys, Harry and Howard, were registered at the school upstairs in the general store in 1878.

"Next thing you know, Grandfather filed a claim and began to prospect for gold at Swauk Creek. They spent about a year in a cabin up there."

Finally in the fall of 1880, after more than twenty years of roaming, James Masterson and his family came to Teanaway Valley.

"Grandfather's dream had come true. He never moved again. And none of us since has either."

James Masterson filed on 160 acres of government land as a homesteader. That portion still comprises the upper half of Masterson Ranch. The lower half was purchased from a railroad.

"My father was twelve that winter," Bat said. "There was a hard road ahead. The family didn't even have tools to work with. But on the upper acreage, Grandfather found a square one-room cabin with no doors or windows. A ladder went up the side of the cabin to the roof. He pried a few shakes loose and inside found a froe to split shakes, a broad ax and saw. He took them and with the two boys built a cabin for the family.

"The next spring, Grandfather looked

(Continued on page 49)

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ODUCTION I

Alive And Well

Photo Courtesy Josef Scaylea

Bat Masterson of Teapaway Valley.

BELLE STARR'S PIANO

She could read music and play by ear . . .
She could read people and play them by ear, too . . .

BY STONEY HARDCASTLE

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's Note: I grew up near Stigler, Oklahoma, which is part of what was once Belle Starr's old stomping grounds. I remember many old-timers who were personally acquainted with the "Bandit Queen" and had firsthand knowledge of many of her activities both within and outside the law. As a youngster I listened with great interest to the stories of Belle's adventures. This notorious woman has continued to interest me, not solely because she was an outlaw but for her lesser known activities.

Belle was an accomplished musician. She loved all types of music and spent much time studying and practicing the piano. At the early age of eight she was enrolled in the Carthage Missouri Female Academy. Her parents, John and Eliza Shirley, wanted their daughter to have every opportunity to learn the social graces.

For the next few years she practiced daily on the piano. Then came the Civil War which caused her life to take a different direction. Belle strapped on a gun.

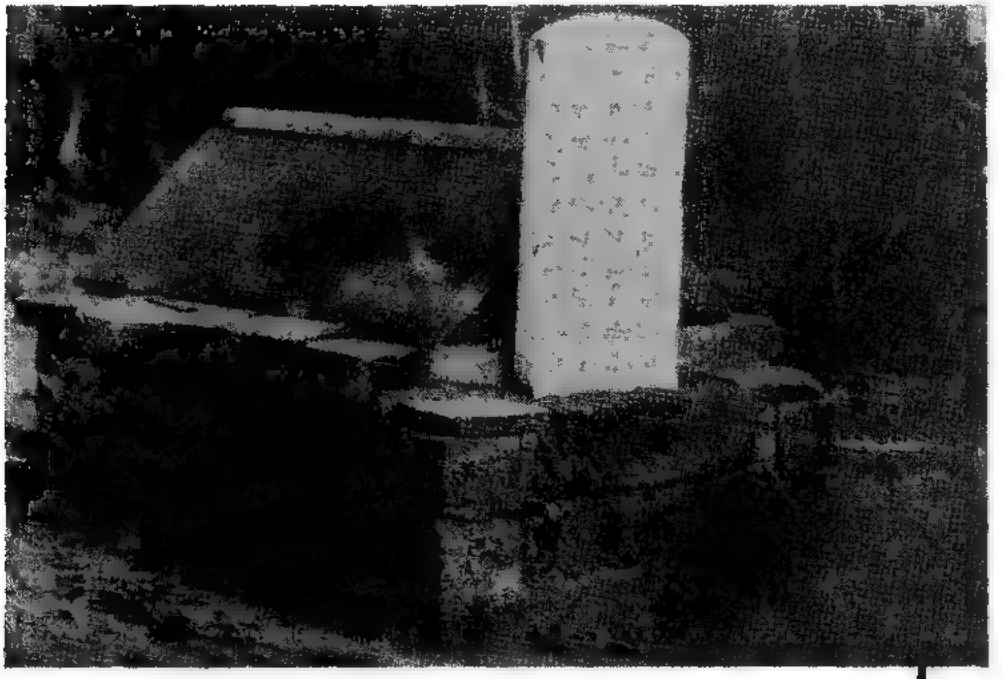
After the war and a wild love affair with Cole Younger, which produced a baby daughter, Belle started playing the piano around Dallas gambling halls. She also learned to play the guitar.

Shortly after she married Sam Starr and settled in Indian Territory, Belle in-

John "Jack" Jetton who made a memorable freight delivery to Younger Bend.

Photo Courtesy Edna Davis, Tulsa, Oklahoma

Opposite page top: This is believed to be Belle Starr's piano stuck fast in the backdoor of the Younger Bend schoolhouse. Below: Belle's tomb before souvenir hunters chipped away at the marble headstone and part of the sandstone vault. The photo belonged to the late Lattie Ogden, a member of Oklahoma's first legislature and a friend of the Starrs. After Ogden's death the picture was passed down through the family and now belongs to Lee Ogden of Eufaula.



vited B. L. Phillps to her home. Phillps taught school across the Canadian River, south of Younger Bend at Whitefield. Belle's daughter Pearl attended the school and was very fond of the teacher. Phillps was warned by friends not to accept Belle's invitation but being the curious type he went anyway.

Phillps later said there was a good reason for his accepting the invitation. His school was the old frontier subscription type. The students' parents paid so much per head for their children's education. Belle was one of the few who paid in advance.

Phillps said he was treated royally by Belle and her daughter. When he entered the home he was astonished to find a classical library lining one wall, and even more surprised to find a piano in the cabin. He sat in disbelief after dinner when Belle opened some sheet music and started to play. It just didn't fit—Belle Starr giving a piano concert in her outlaw lair.

How that piano ended up in one of the world's most unlikely spots reflects one of Belle's most colorful capers. The late John "Jack" Jetton, who was involved, told this story of how it happened.

IT WAS the spring of 1885. I was living at Newman in the Choctaw Nation [now Stigler, Oklahoma] and hauling freight back and forth to Ft. Smith, Arkansas. I drove into Ft. Smith late one evening with a load of hides. After I unloaded them in a buyer's warehouse, I camped in the wagonyard. Next morning I was up early and walked over to Texas Corner for breakfast. After I ate, I started walking around town to see if I could find a load going back. I didn't want to dead-head.

I was too early. None of the business places were open. So I just sauntered along looking in store windows. I turned a corner and noticed strange goings on across the street. A man was circling what seemed to be a big crate on the sidewalk. Taking a closer look I recognized the man as Icsam Perry, a young Choctaw who lived near Whitefield. So I decided to walk over and see what was going on. The big object Perry was circling looked like a piano.

About halfway across the street I heard horse's hoofs pounding the pavement. Glancing over my shoulder I saw a woman riding side-saddle coming hell bent for leather on a big sorrel. First I thought it was a runaway. Then I recognized the rider as none other than Belle Starr. I had met and talked to her several times around the stores in Whitefield. She raced past and waved. Then at the end of the block she jerked her horse to a stop, spun him around and rode back to where Perry was looking at the big object.

As I moved closer I could see that the big crate-looking thing was a piano. Belle dismounted and tied her horse to a hitching post. Perry had quit circling the piano and was leaning against one end. Belle walked over and patted him on the shoulder. "Perry, what in the world are you doing with that piano?"

Perry jumped. "Oh, you, Miss Starr, you scare me."

Belle grinned. "Who owns the piano?"

"Mine," Perry replied, then looked down at his feet. "Get on big drunk last night. No sleep. Then, awhile ago, morning, don't know why, I buy piano from white man. Sober now. Get head back. Don't know why I do it, bad, bad."

Belle laughed. "You're still not exactly sober, Icsam."

I moved over and leaned against the front of a store within good earshot. Perry shuffled his feet and looked up at Belle. "Me know. Still little drunk, but not as drunk as awhile ago. I'm in big fix. Man had two wagons and teams tied up here. Woman, kids and lots of other stuff piled in wagons. On back of one wagon was big piano. Man say he moving to Texas. Come long way. Run out of money. Wife and kids plenty hungry, he say. Make Icsam feel plenty bad. He say he want to sell piano. Me feel sorry. Give him all the money I got, fifty dollars for piano."

Icsam paused and looked down. "Now me feel plenty bad, worse. Folks give me money and sent me to Ft. Smith to buy what they need. They be big mad. Can't carry no piano back to Whitefield on pack horse either. 'Fraid to go home, folks raise plenty big hell with Icsam."

While Perry was talking, Belle was carefully looking over the piano. From where I stood it seemed almost new. She raised the keyboard cover and ran her fingers over the keys. "Perry, did you get a bill of sale for this piano?" she asked.

He fumbled in his shirt pocket and pulled out a folded piece of paper. Belle took the paper and unfolded it. She read the paper. Then pulled a leather pouch from her skirt pocket. Shaking some gold coins into her hand she extended them to Perry. "Here is your fifty dollars, Icsam. Now go buy whatever it was your folks sent you after. Then skin out for home."

A SMALL crowd had gathered around to see what was going on. Belle couldn't resist the temptation of putting on a show. I had heard she was an actress and she proved it that day. First she turned and winked at the crowd and then started whipping up "Dixie" on the piano. Several threw their hats in the air and yelled.

I moved into the crowd. Belle changed to an Irish reel. Everyone started clapping their hands and stomping their feet. One tipsy cowboy started jigging. The crowd grew bigger. Several asked Belle to play their favorite tunes. She was more than happy to oblige. Several more joined in the dancing and some bottles started making the rounds. Perry was so happy over getting his money back that he was off to one side doing some kind of an Indian dance, yelping and stomping.

Belle spied me in the crowd and shouted. "Hey, Jetton! Come over here. You are the very man I'm looking for." I pushed through the crowd to the back of the piano. I leaned over and asked, "What can I do for you?"

She didn't miss a note as she answered,

(Continued on page 42)

Pens and loading chute at Cox headquarters.

SALTY JOHN COX AND BRONCO BILL

Unless you're used to lassoing whirlwinds, it wears

BY "SALTY JOHN" COX TRANSCRIBED BY EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

Below: Henry Cox at home in 1955. Right: John Cox is the man on the horse. This photo was taken west of Weed, New Mexico about 1895. Some of the other people in the photo are members of the Cox family.

Henry Cox, son of "Salty John," has had tapes made by his father for over twenty-five years, but only recently decided to permit publication of them. John Cox was a very old man when he gave accounts of some of the most well known characters of New Mexico. Some of them had to do with occurrences of his youth. While they may differ in minor details from those accepted by historians, they are the expression of a contemporary of those characters he discusses; and who is better able to judge a man than his neighbors? The following is Salty John's version of Bronco Bill, taped in 1952. —Eve Ball

I WORKED with Bronco Bill on the Diamond A in southwestern New Mexico, and I knew him well. He was a young man and I wasn't very old myself. My father had settled in the Sacramento Mountains, in eastern New Mexico. That was a hard country and when I was fourteen, I pulled out. I thought I was a cowboy till I hit the Diamond A. It made one out of me.

I thought the grass was greener on the King ranch—not the big one in Texas, but another consisting of three million acres across the Line in Mexico. King had holdings on this side, too. Bronco Bill had left the Diamond A, and to my great delight I found him working for King. In fact, King had quite a line-up. Among his men were Henry Coleman, Rex Myers, Rastus Graham, and a Mexican named Ray Castro. Castro was born in New Mexico, so was an American citizen, but he was of Mexican descent. And that was the force.

King had about six thousand head of cattle in Mexico, and he marketed them in the United States. Henry Coleman was ramrodding the outfit. I never did know just what happened, but the whole crew except Bronco Bill and I were arrested and put in jail in El Paso.

I got in on a cattle drive soon after King hired me. The six of us started to Palomas on the Line with a thousand big steers. We were short-handed for mounts, but the six of us could handle the herd all right. The cattle were mostly big steers.

The Mexicans sent word that we

EL EE
ELE [illegible] MEANS PROHIBITED

would not be permitted to cross the Border with those cattle. We got it when we were within five miles of the Line. We held the herd in a corral that night and, knowing that they were going to try to stop us, we carried our bedrolls out on a hill about a half-mile away and spread them there so that if they came they wouldn't find us with the herd.

Next morning I saw dust this side of Palomas. Of course I had my eye peeled for Mexicans. Through the advancing haze I saw two horsemen, and in a little while two more. I hollered to Bronco Bill, "Yonder they come!"

We figured that they were Mexican soldiers; and while we couldn't see but four there might have been a hundred behind all that dust.

"Let's hide in that mesquite and sacaton grass," Bill suggested; and the six of us faded into it. We figured we could whip the whole Mexican government, and one of us a Mexican! But we did have sense enough to know that it would take all *six*.

WHEN they rode up, the riders proved to be Customs men from Palomas and our friends. And that was all there was to it. But when we got to Palomas—still four miles from the Border—a man sang out, "For God's sake, John, get across the Line. There were fifty men that started out after you this morning!" I nodded and he went on, "They were going toward the river after you."

"We just came from there with a herd," I said. But I could see that he was nervous, so I told him, "They haven't had much luck arresting us yet."

Then I saw what was up. They were waiting for reinforcements before starting anything. So I said to one of the boys, "Albert, take my horse around behind the store and tie him, will you?"

"All right."

I went into the store and hid behind the counter. I could see a door leading out the back of the building and I made for it, got on my horse, and hit for the herd. The rest of the boys knew what that meant and they followed. And we made a run with that herd for the Border. That horse I was riding, Old Doc, was never known to stand up before, but he ran that night, ran over the roughest ground I ever rode over with his tail sticking straight up. And he never once stumbled. He was as scared as I was. And they never overtook us.

King had an outfit on the north side of the Line and they met us and took the cattle across in spite of the Mexican police. There wasn't any fences.

Mavericks belonged to the Mexican government in them days. Down in the herd we left we had a lot of fresh-burned yearlings. The Mexicans were watching the home range. We had three inspectors come in from Ascension and by damn, we walked the chalk because only Bronco Bill and I were with the cattle. Coleman and the rest had gone to El Paso and got in jail. So Bronco and I were the force. I was just nineteen; don't know how old Bronco was, but about the same age, I think.

And those Mexicans took all those fresh-branded yearlings, every dadblasted one of them. I couldn't talk them out of even one. Ol' Man Moore—he was the cook—he had a steer they were determined to take. Moore wasn't supposed to work cattle, but he could in a pinch.

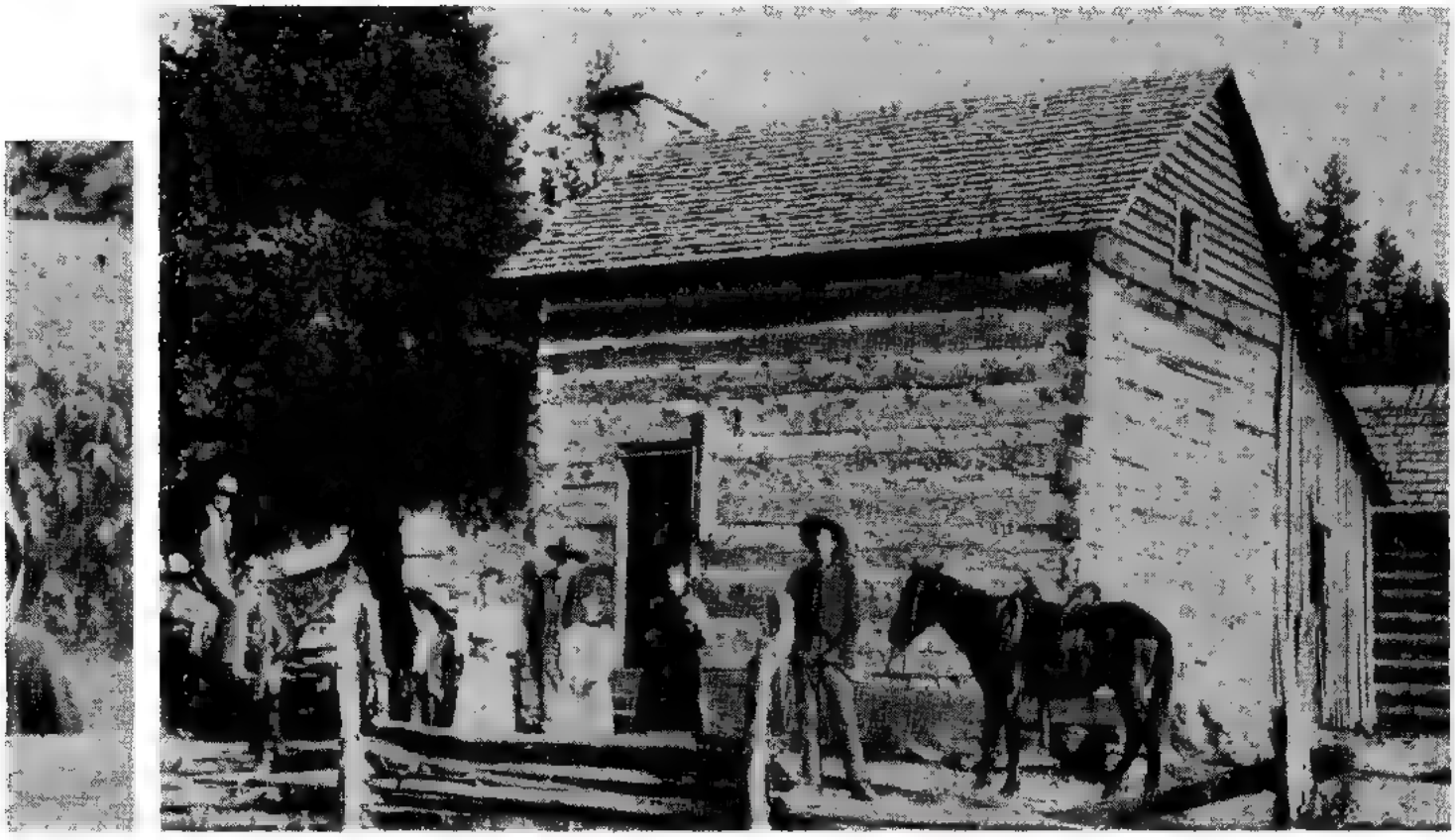
Bronco Bill was one of these men who, when he got mad, would laugh like hell. I saw him off to one side laughing, and knew it was because I was letting that damn Mexican bluff me out of every one of those yearlings. He'd listen to me try to talk them out of one. I couldn't raise a fuss because our outfit, including the boss, was in jail. And I'd promised Mrs. King that I'd stay with the herd.

I was just nineteen and I was afraid they'd get that Rafter Cross calf of Ol' Man Moore's, and I knew that if they did he'd kill at least one of them. What I'd overlooked was that Bronco Bill would have beat him to it.

That Bronco was the outworkin'est man I ever saw. He was always in a good humor but bad to drink. A hard-

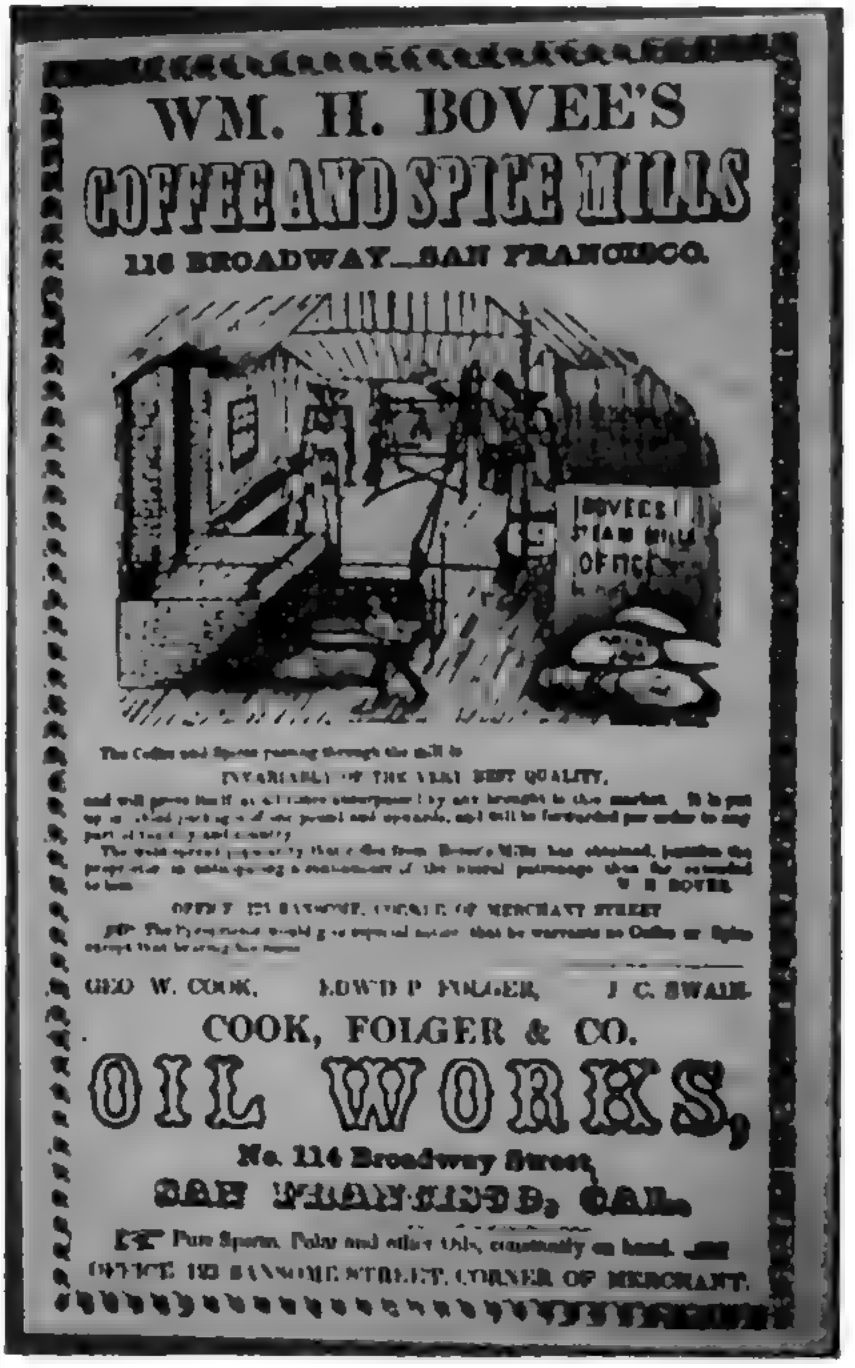
(Continued on page 48)

you out just to read about these cowboys!



James Folger failed as a regular prospector but good fortune was waiting in California nevertheless—Folger found his

GOLD IN A COFFEE CUP


WM. H. BOVEE'S
COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS
116 BROADWAY—SAN FRANCISCO.
GEO W. COOK. EDWD P FOLGER. J C. SWAIN.
COOK, FOLGER & CO.
OIL WORKS,
No. 114 Broadway Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Page taken from the San Francisco City Directory.

BY JAMES C. LEE

Photos Courtesy Author

IN 1849, fourteen vessels sailed from Nantucket loaded with young men who felt that picking up nuggets on the banks of a stream was better than cutting whale blubber on the blood-soaked decks of ships. Samuel Folger's sons were among them.

Two hundred years before, in 1635, Peter and Mary Folger's journey "West" had ended at Massachusetts Bay. The couple, both from England, joined the colony there and Peter served as schoolmaster and preacher for the Orthodox Congregational Church. After twenty-five years, the Folger family moved to the flat barren island of Nantucket, where Folger again became schoolmaster and preacher, aside from his main trade as blacksmith and acting as official keeper of the records. In Nantucket the Folgers' last child, a girl named Abiah, was born. She was in later years to become the mother of Benjamin Franklin.

Nantucket's settlers, the earliest of whom had fallen with delight on the carcasses of stranded whales, founded the sperm whale industry. By 1842 the island had become the world's largest whaling port, with its ninety vessels producing riches in the form of oil for the lamps of a growing new nation, and whalebone to shape its ladies' figures.

Whaling was a hard life. When the ships were home they had to be constantly refitted and repaired, the whale oil had to be boiled clear, the bones dried and cleaned, and the products delivered to the mainland. There was no room for idleness. Every boy was trained to be a carpenter or a blacksmith or both.

One of Peter Folger's descendants in Nantucket was Samuel B. Folger, who had early taken up the trade of blacksmith. He had become a master of the trade, and head of a shop which performed major jobs for shipbuilders and harbor works. He invested his profits in a try-works, and bought two ships. Samuel had nine children, and was a prosperous member of the community

Then times took a turn for the worse.

James A. Folger.

From the peak year of 1842 whaling began to go downhill. The sperm whale had been overhunted, as had lesser whales. On July 13, 1846, a fire broke out in Nantucket's business section and raged through the following day. Even the waterfront area was reduced to charred rubble. Samuel Folger's try-works and his two ships, tied alongside, were destroyed.

THE PEOPLE of Nantucket began to rebuild as soon as the ashes cooled. Lumber and bricks were ferried from the mainland, and Folger's five sons, ranging from age nine to nineteen, all helped in the construction. Even eleven-year-old James A. Folger, the next to the youngest child, began to acquire skill at the building trade.

Despite the brave appearance of returning to normalcy, the loss was too great for the town's resources. Whaling remained on the decline. Samuel Folger turned back to his forge. The future for his children looked bleak.

Then came a gleam of hope on the horizon, the gleam of gold. On December 5, 1848 President Polk's message to Congress referred to the vast riches in gold that could be found in California. The rush was on.

Though the oldest son, 22-year-old Philip, decided to stay on the island of his forebears, his brothers were eager to leave. The fall of 1849, Edward, twenty; Henry, sixteen; and James, fourteen, boarded a ship for California.

On May 5, 1850 the mail ship *Isthmus* entered the Golden Gate. Young Jim Folger saw for the first time the place where he would spend the rest of his life. This was San Francisco. The shore line in front of the town was invisible, masked by a tangle of abandoned ships which already looked ancient because their yards and sails had been stripped off. From behind the beached ships other boats appeared, oars flashing, to surround the *Isthmus* as it slowly threaded its way to the wharf.

Men shouted from the boats: "What's the news?" "What's your cargo?" "Any cooks?" "Any carpenters? I'll pay $300 a month!"

Lodgings and boat fare to the gold country which lay over one hundred miles away proved to be costly. Jim decided that he should stay in San Francisco and work. The going wages had already captured his fancy.

That night the boys' sleep was disturbed by the wild ringing of a fire alarm. A great fire had broken out in the downtown area. Jim Folger recalled the rebuilding of Nantucket and knew there would be plenty of work to do.

Jim was approached by William H. Bovee, a young man who planned to erect a spice and coffee mill structure on a barren hill about six blocks from the waterfront. Jim took the job while his brothers set out to find gold.

BOVEE was then twenty-seven years old; Jim was just short of fifteen. Bovee, like Jim, had come West after an ordeal by fire. Born in Ohio, he had established a small coffee-roasting business in New York City but had been burned out in 1848. His loss gave him an excuse for joining the gold rush.

Bovee arrived in California a year before Jim Folger, and went to the Sutter's Mill area where, unlike most, he was lucky. He had found a profitable placer deposit and accumulated a fair amount of gold dust. Bovee was working with two or more men in this venture. As winter approached, they delegated one of their number to go into Sacramento to buy blankets and other provisions.

The early snows came, but not their friend. The cold and hungry partners finally straggled into Sacramento where they learned that the "friend" had lost their grubstake at one of the many gambling tables.

Bovee decided to turn back, temporarily, to the business he knew best. No roasted coffee was available in California, and Bovee was sure he could improvise some way to serve this ready market.

The Pioneer Steam Coffee and Spice Mills, as Bovee named his business, began modestly in May 1850. No steam engine was available, and the drum in which the coffee was roasted had to be turned by hand.

Commercial roasting of coffee had been inaugurated in New York fifty years before, but it was still a luxury service to many big-city dwellers, and virtually was unknown to the rest of the country. As for ground coffee, it was unheard of at the wholesale level. Some city grocery stores had double-wheel mills for roasting and grinding coffee for their customers; but, in general, housewives bought green beans to be roasted and ground in the kitchen. Bovee quickly noted that California would be an ideal market for roasted ground coffee. The mostly male population had better things to do than stir coffee beans in a skillet or pack a grinding mill into the mountains. Bovee inaugurated the production of coffee "ready for the pot"—roasted, ground, and packaged in small tins, bearing the Pioneer label. Bovee's product sold as fast as he could produce it.

A FEW MONTHS after this mill started operation a jobber came to

(Continued on page 50)

Ruined portion of the Gold Belt shows details of roof construction using only native desert materials.

"A man eyes the distant horizon while his woman removes the rattlesnake from their path."
—Mexican proverb

BY NEMA ANDERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

THE ANGEL OF

The Scott family plot in Quartzsite's cemetery.

Angela Gonzales Scott in 1944.

QUARTZSITE

THE seep spring, though green-scummed and wriggling with insects, was a welcome sight to the old Mexican and his daughter. For days Felipe Gonzalez and sixteen-year-old Angela had trudged eastward across the Arizona desert from the Colorado River district north of Yuma.

In the years before 1900 countless gold seekers, such as Felipe, had thoroughly combed the river country. It was time to move on. He loaded his family and their scanty belongings into a burro-drawn cart to strike out in search of better prospects. Angela and he had prodded and pulled the burro up steep ledges, pushed the creaking cart through sand-drifted washes, and jolted it across rocky flats until the beast was pitifully gaunt and the children whimpered from exhaustion.

Angela knelt by the seep spring, and skimming aside the bugs, said, "My father, there is water for us here. The little ones can rest, and we can pan gravel."

This desert spring is now known as "Gonzalez Well," in memory of the Mexican girl whose name is the feminine form of the English word, angel. Her dedicated labor to make liveable the harsh La Posa Plains wherein the present town of Quartzsite is located, would create a lasting community.

Unlike the privately-owned Tyson's Wells, Angela's spring was public domain. It was the custom of prospectors, who gophered the arid hills fringing the plains, to burro-pack their ore down to the spring. As word spread of the lovely *señorita*, most red-blooded miners had to see for themselves.

Among her most ardent admirers was a grizzled little Arabian who had been a camel driver with Lieutenant Beale's 1857 survey. Basking in the attention of the graceful Angela, Hi Jolly watched her deft hands pat out paper-thin tortillas while he reminisced of his long and adventurous life. The son of an Arab renegade and a Greek girl captive, the camel driver had grown up as a street urchin in Turkey. His most prized possession was his United States government contract. At the time of Hi Jolly's death in 1902, his total assets were sixty cents. Later, when a monument was built to him in Quartzsite's tiny cemetery, the coins were sealed in it. Angela made certain that the tattered paper, so treasured by her barely-literate old friend, was included.

DURING Angela's stay at the spring, a stage line carried passengers and mail from Blythe, California to the Vulture Mine at Wickenburg. A small store, situated in the one-time adobe fort at Tyson's Wells, served both travelers and itinerant miners. The store's clerk, William Scott, had traveled a long and round-about way to meet his destiny at a desert well. Back in Pennsylvania, where stories of gold had given him the fever, he had packed his carpenter tools in a bedroll and set out to work his way West. In Kansas he replenished his grubstake by building frame houses for farmers who had outgrown their soddies; then constructed logging flumes in Oregon before drifting south to the deserts.

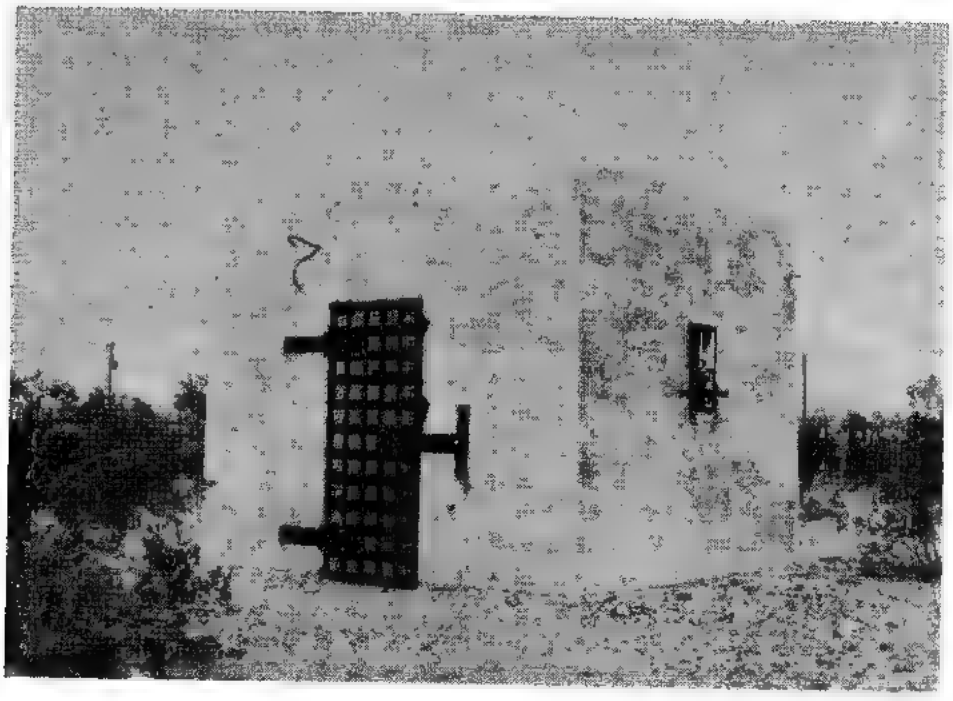
At Tyson's store the alert young man saved his money while learning the business; and like everyone else in that locality spent his free time roaming the hills searching for gold-bearing outcrops. It was inevitable that his prowling would ultimately lead to the spring and the dark-eyed girl who lived there.

After they were married, Angela encouraged Scott to strike out for himself. Their first store was a tent, and their stock—rugged double-stitched jeans, picks and shovels, black powder, and wide-brimmed hats—was sold from shipping-crate counters.

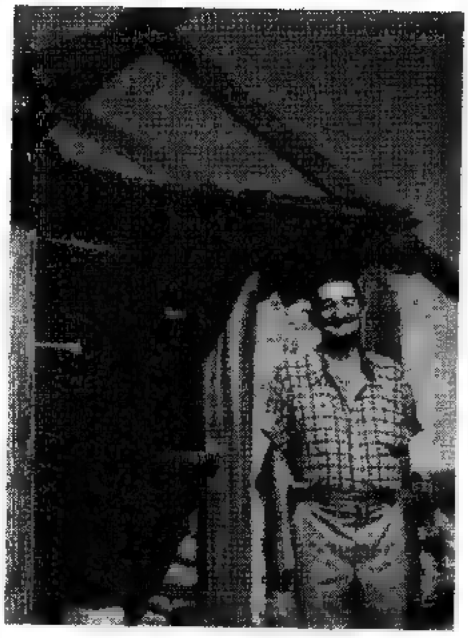
There is a Mexican proverb which, translated, says: "A man eyes the distant horizon, while his woman removes the rattlesnake from their path." In a like manner Angela would guide her family steadily and safely over the pathway of their lives.

Within the limits of a woman's role of her day, Angela's unfailing common sense induced Scott to undertake other timely ventures, and her faithful support assured their success. The Scotts even-

Tyson's fort. It was later used as a general store and stage stop.



Quartzsite's one-time jail.



Tommie Scott, Angela's son, poses in front of the original powder storage building.

tually had ten children, but that didn't prevent Angela from tending store; thus freeing her husband for other gainful enterprises.

"My husband," she said soon after they opened their store, "the miners would eat more of our beans if you took some to them."

Scott did find it doubly profitable to pack supplies into the hills. He took ore in exchange or, loading his burro panniers for the return trip, would haul the miners' ore down to the settlement for milling.

At that time most of the district's ore was custom-milled in Goodman's arrastre The present adobe building and a well-preserved stamp mill on Quartzsite's Moon Mountain Road is erroneously called the Goodman Mill, probably because the initial claim was filed in that name. Only a circle of flat stones and a shallow pit for water, used in the crushing operations of an arrastre, remain of the original Goodman Mill.

Scott soon branched out into hauling hay and extra water from outlying wells to the growing settlement. He delivered to Goodman's pit and would tell Angela how the old man would sit back while his mule dragged a crushing-boulder over ore placed in the crude circle, and thus collect a fat percentage of the milled ore.

"Yes, my husband," Angela would reply. "We will think of this."

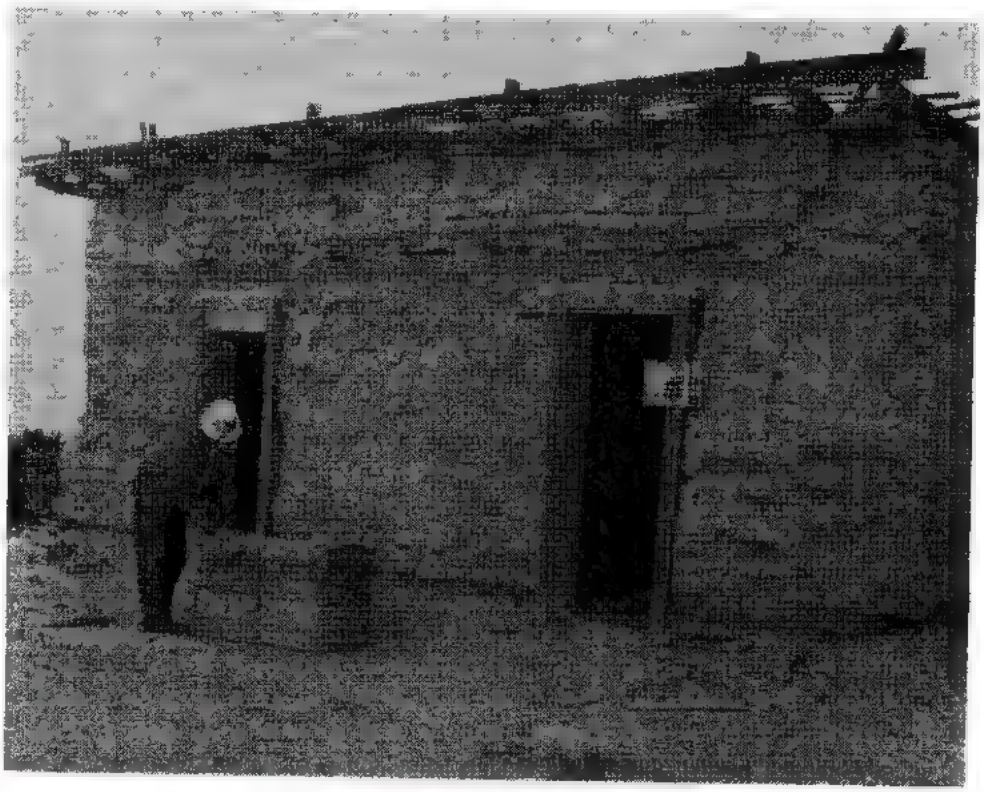
Living in a small and remote settlement, Angela thought much of those things that might offer opportunities for her growing family. With the birth of each child she would remind Scott, "The good Lord has given us this baby, but we must give it a way to live."

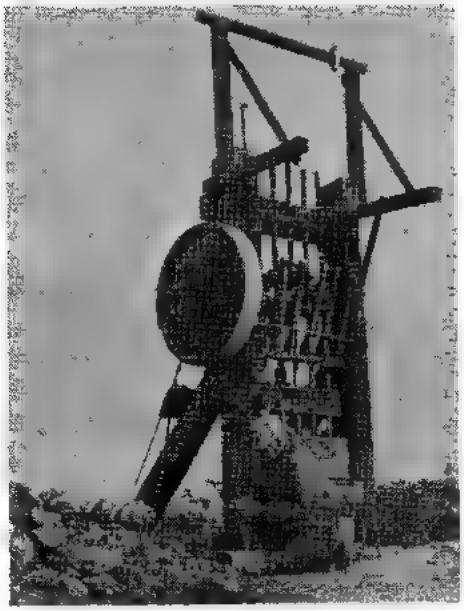
IT WAS natural after Goodman died, that the Scotts would buy his claim. Renaming it the "Gold Belt," they built the adobe and installed an efficient five-stamp mill. Its operation afforded a livelihood for the whole family. The Gold Belt, and the one-time "Mormon" stamps, milled the many thousands-of-dollars'-worth of gold produced in the district.

This unassuming little Mexican woman never thought of her own immeasurable contribution to her family's welfare; instead, she took pride in her husband's ever-growing importance in their community. When the settlement gained a post office with the official name of Quartzsite, Scott was its postmaster. He was also the town's barber and, after buying a pair of forceps, its dentist as well.

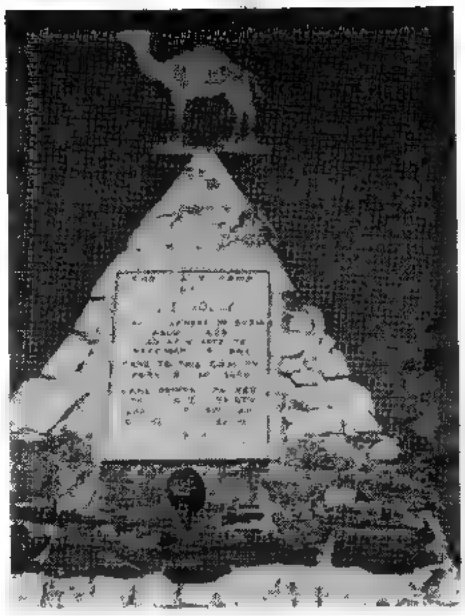
In addition to the Gold Belt mill the Scotts owned and operated a general store and saloon, a feed store and black-

The Gold Belt adobe. This old trunk was probably abandoned by one of the small-time operators who reactivate the mill from time to time.





Gold belt stamp mill. A winter visitor inspects the ore piled near it.



Arizona copper and petrified wood were used for Hi Jolly's monument.

smith shop, and the board-and-batten butcher shop that still stands at the rear of the present Scott Brothers' store. Angela and Scott had $10,000 deposited in a bank—a small fortune for their time and place.

But all this was to change. Paydirt already was beginning to thin when a government survey indicated the mines might be on Indian reservation land. All operations halted. Then the bank failed and the Scotts were broke.

They survived by going out into the desert and picking saguaro thorns from the giant cactus native to La Posa Plains. Proud owners of Victrolas prized their records of Enrico Caruso and John McCormack. It was a general belief that cactus phonograph needles brought out truer fidelity of tenor voices and lessened wear on the grooves of the old celluloid records. At $5.00 per pound, the Scott's contract required $50.00 worth of cactus spines a month. It took the efforts of the entire family to do the job, and it was not without danger. Sidewinders were numerous in the area. This venomous and hard-to-see little rattlesnake has a nasty habit of lurking at waist level in cacti, or chaparral, to feed on insects attracted by bloom or fruit; and where it can strike the hand of the unwary.

In 1916, when Angela's father died at his ranch near Wenden, he left her an inheritance of twenty head of cattle. The windfall was providential, but going after them would take time the Scott family couldn't afford. So the plucky Angela lashed a bedroll to her saddle and drove every cow safely home. To drive twenty head of cattle through forty miles of broken and brush-choked country would have been a chore for a pair of seasoned cowpokes; it was a doubly difficult feat for Angela. Alone in that desolate region, she had to disregard the very real threat from certain types of prospectors, renegade Indians, and other ruffians who infested the Mexican border country.

THE monthly cacti-thorn check kept beans and cornbread on the Scott table, but it was almost impossible to keep their property taxes paid. With the advent of Prohibition, Scott's bootlegging kept his saloon, at least, operating. When he died in 1933 he and Angela still owned their real estate and had gradually managed to save $3,500. She prudently used the money to buy a ranch and 100 head of cattle.

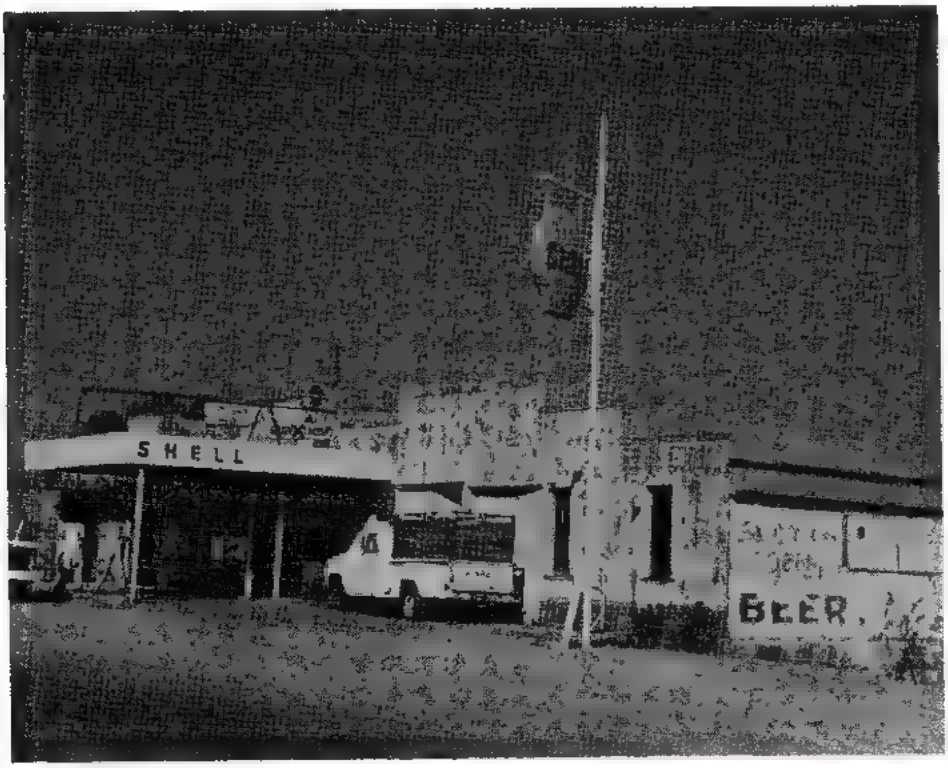
Ranching was never easy and it was especially tough on La Posa Plains during the Depression. Grazing was sparse and Angela had no wells. The Sand Tanks, which held runoff water for maybe two months of the year, were the only source of water for her cattle. In a region of 100-plus temperatures and almost zero humidity, barrels of water hauled out to the range would be half evaporated before they reached the cattle.

Ironically, modern well rigs now tap an abundant water table underlying these desert plains. There is an ample supply for Quartzsite's permanent population of 500, plus the 100,000 visitors who are attracted to this popular winter playground and rockhound center.

At the time of Angela's death in 1966 the community for which she had worked, during her long and fruitful life, was well established. Her descendants—one of whom is Quartzsite's present postmaster—make up a goodly proportion of its residents. Windmills reach for the sky in Scott family compounds and the name is prominent on shop windows lining the town's main street. Here and there out on La Posa Plains the family's cattle drink at Scott wells.

From this harsh land a devoted Mexican wife and mother wrested a way of life for others, and in so doing will forever be remembered as the Angel of Quartzsite.

The Scott brothers still operate the store. The original adobe powder storage shed and the butcher shop are at the rear of the building.



AN ORNERY KID IN A MAN'S HIDE

BY ERNEST HUDSPETH

Photos Courtesy Author

FERRIS GRANT RICE was from the hills of Kentucky. He was small of stature, but a handsome man. His silver grey hair and his well trimmed mustache, his finely chiseled face and his slender erect body commanded attention in any crowd.

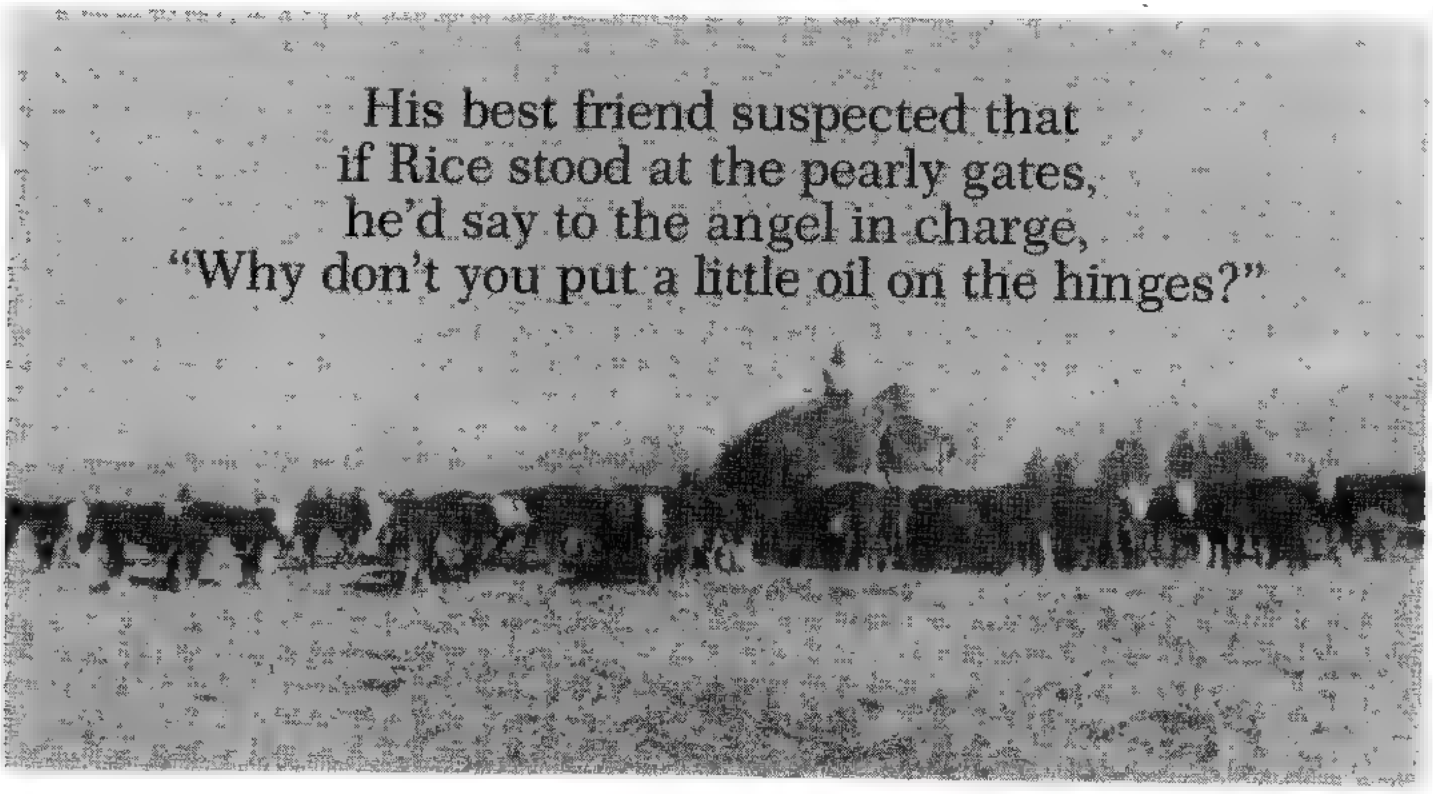
He drifted into our valley—Sumpter Valley in Oregon—one July. It was haying time and he hired out to Chris Hansen. I met him one day along the road and introduced myself. He said, "Just call me Rice," and it was twenty years later before I learned his full name.

The hay was stacked and fenced and Chris, at the time, had no further need for a steady hand. A mile and a half south of Chris' ranch house was an abandoned cabin located in the edge of some timber. The history of this 12'x16' cabin is vague to me. Before Rice moved in, it had, at times, been occupied by woodcutters. The walls were of log, and the roof was of log construction, too, shingled over with hand-split shakes. It had one small window facing south and one door facing west, and for quite a while had been occupied by woodrats and porcupines.

Rice moved into this cabin at age fifty-two and for the next twenty years it was his home. A bunk built in one corner, a small cast-iron cook stove, a small table, one chair, an old steamer trunk, a kerosene lantern, a few cooking utensils, a tin plate, knife and fork, an axe, hammer and saw, and he seemed content to lead the life of a semi-recluse.

Rice worked each haying for Chris; and, on occasion, for other ranchers for short periods. He supplemented his income by trapping during the prime fur season. He was a successful trapper of the coyote, badger, mink and muskrat, and he also poached the deer. The "hunting season" for Rice was when he needed fresh meat. His main diet, however, consisted of baking powder biscuits and honey. He bought his flour each fall, al-

His best friend suspected that if Rice stood at the pearly gates, he'd say to the angel in charge, "Why don't you put a little oil on the hinges?"



ways buying four 50-pound bags at a time, and his honey was in five-gallon tin containers.

When he came to our valley, the Prohibition law was still trying to be enforced. Now Rice would not be classed as a drunkard in any sense, but some two or three times a year he would get a jug of moonshine, and his escapades while under the influence were often amusing.

He had a bay mare that he called Mexico. About all that could be said for Mexico was that she belonged to the horse family. She was squat and square and her hairy legs almost seemed to be on upside down. She had a very flighty disposition, was short of head and narrow between the eyes. Rice came by my brother Wallace's home one evening in mid-November. It was raining and cold; Rice was full of moon, and Mexico was, as usual, acting silly. Rice thought it a good idea to share his moonshine with Wallace. Rice was always the perfect gentleman when in the presence of women, therefore when he was drinking he refused to come inside any home if the lady of the house was there.

Wallace stepped onto the porch and had a sample from the jug. Rice was in a talking stage and began telling Wallace the history of his working and trapping in our valley. He became more limber as each drink from the jug took effect. Eventually Rice draped himself around one of the porch posts to remain upright.

The whiskey finally got control and Rice started his descent to the floor, still with his arms around the post. As he reached the floor he interrupted his story and said, "As you can see, I'm still hanging around!"

Wallace helped him regain an upright position, and Rice concluded that he'd better go home. Wallace held Mexico with one hand and helped Rice mount with the other. The road was slick with rain and mud.

After about one hundred yards the road formed a "T," the main road running north and south and west, dead ended by a fence on the east. The moonshine was working overtime as Rice gathered up his bridle reins and, with a yell from the Kentucky hills, broke Mexico into a run. She was running her level best when she went into the square turn heading south. There she lost her footing on the turn, falling and sliding on her side. Rice fell clear and landed in the barrow pit.

Wallace ran down and helped Rice regain his feet. He was covered with mud and it was still raining and cold; a November rain is always cold in Sumpter Valley. Wallace tried to convince Rice that he should stay overnight, to dry out and get warmed up. But Rice, due to his rule of never entering a woman's home while drunk, refused and said, "Just take me home."

Wallace hitched a team to the buckboard, delivered Rice to his little log cabin and poured him into bed. Wallace also took care of Mexico.

WE DIDN'T see Rice for the next two days, and thought we'd better check and see if he had survived the hangover and the fall. We found him at his cabin. He was in severe pain with a dislocated right shoulder, his arm hanging limp and useless by his side, his jug of painkiller gone.

Rice was so vain of his appearance that he said he could not be seen in public until he was bathed, shaved and clean. So we heated some water on the cookstove, stropped his straight-edge razor, lathered his face, sponged his body and dressed him in clean clothes; and this proved quite an experience as he was hurting and extremely cantankerous, and I suppose with good reason, for I imagine he could have been handled more gently.

In fact, Rice remarked, "What do you think you are doing—branding calves?"

We got him aboard the passenger train for Baker. He made a poor choice in the doctor. It was nearing five p.m. and I suppose the doctor was anxious to leave his office. Anyway, he just put Rice's arm in a sling, making no attempt to put the shoulder socket in place. He merely said to keep the arm in the sling and it would get well. I suppose the doctor diagnosed the injury as just a sprain.

Rice returned home the following morning, the shoulder pain as intense as before. He carried the injured arm in the sling for six weeks, hoping that it would recover. As time elapsed and the arm was still useless and painful, Rice decided to do his own doctoring. Taking a rope, he climbed upon his chair; with his left hand he tied the rope to the ridge pole of the cabin. He then lay on the floor and measured the rope to the length that it would support his body hanging by the injured arm, just clearing the floor. He climbed back on the chair and tying the rope to the wrist of the injured arm, he fell from his chair. As he hit the end of the rope the shock and pain was so great he became unconscious. He hung suspended by his arm, according to his watch, for an hour and fifteen minutes.

After regaining consciousness, Rice released the rope and, strange as it seems, within ten days he had use of his arm and the pain was gone.

Each fall in early September, when the hay was stacked and fenced, he would saddle Mexico, tying a small bedroll behind the cantle, a few provisions in the saddle pockets, a pick and shovel and gold pan hanging from various places. On these occasions, if Mexico had spooked, the aftermath of the wreck would have been scattered for miles, including Rice. He went to the same locality each year for a few days of fishing in the waters of Twin Lakes. These lakes lie high in the Elkhorn Mountains above timberline, the smaller lake emptying into the larger one by way of a swift narrow stream. These lakes are at such a high altitude that most years they are still partially frozen over until mid-July, and the rainbow trout thrive and grow to fabulous size.

Rice followed the same pattern each year, fishing the lakes, then returning to his secret canyon where he had located some gold-bearing gravel. On several occasions he showed me a small glass vial of fine gold. I believe that the prospectors referred to this type as flour gold. At times he was in his mountain retreat for ten days, but never seemed too excited about the gold he panned. Returning to his cabin and the baking powder biscuits and honey, he would prepare his traps and restock the woodpile.

Rice's woodpile was a classic in itself. He would get a team of horses from Chris. Living in the edge of the timber, Rice could always find a few dead pine trees that the bark had slipped from, and these were ideal stove wood. We owned a gasoline drag saw and after he had the trees fallen and skidded to the cabin, I would take the saw and cut the block from them. This required great patience on my part as each block was measured to an exact sixteen inches—no more, no less—and as each block was cut Rice would re-measure it. When I moved the saw for the next cut he would always make sure that the blade was exactly on the mark. I asked him why the wood had to be exactly sixteen inches. I asked him if one-half inch in length

Top left: Rice peeping out of the door of the cabin that was his home for 27 years. Below left: Fall in Sumpter Valley, framed by the Elkhorn Mountains. Below: Rice with a big mule deer. The barn in the background belonged to Chris Hansen.

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Ernest Hudspeth at the home ranch.

would matter, and he replied, "If the wood isn't exactly sixteen inches, my biscuits don't bake right."

Rice was many years my senior, and it cost me nothing except a little extra time to saw his wood and help him split it to his exact specifications and store it in his lean-to shed.

AS the years went by, Rice's trapline became shorter. Mexico had gone to join her Spanish ancestors. We passed within one-half mile of Rice's cabin several times each week, as our cow range also lay on the south side of the valley. It became routine for one of us boys to drop by at least once a week and check his welfare.

Black bear killed by Rice.

The Chris Hansen family also kept close watch until they sold the ranch and retired, leaving our family the only close tie Rice had remaining. We were only one and one-half miles from his cabin, which was adjacent to our cow range.

The fall finally arrived when Rice failed to run his trapline at all. I stopped to see him and remarked that his woodpile would not last until spring and I would bring him a pickup load of wood. His reply was, "I don't suppose you will bring me anything but knots."

We had just finished filling our woodshed for the coming winter. I backed the pickup by the door, and my wife Carrie and I sorted the wood until we had the pickup loaded with straight grain and knot-free wood. When we were putting it in Rice's shed, he began worrying that his biscuits would not bake evenly because each split log varied in length perhaps one-half to three-quarters of an inch.

That was the last winter he was able to stay in his little cabin. I checked on him once or twice a week. It being winter, I had some free time each afternoon. The cattle were fed early each morning, and I was starting a couple of colts that I rode in the afternoon. Going the mile and a half to see him worked out just right for the colts and me.

I had often wondered through the years why Rice at only age fifty-two, chose to live in isolation. He was hospitable and a clever conversationalist, though he never said much about his early life.

He told me that one time he was in a boat on the Mississippi River with two Negroes. An argument arose and the Negroes attacked him with knives. Rice took off his shirt and showed me several long scars on his back.

He always carried a .32 Colt automatic in his overalls pocket. Remembering this, I asked what happened to the Negroes, and he said, "They sure didn't go anywhere," and ended his story at that point.

He, at one time, was an active Mason. He also said he was present when the big rush came to settle the Oklahoma Strip. I remained curious but was unable ever to get any information from him, so I could only speculate. In my imagination I conjured up many possibilities: a broken romance, a Kentucky feud, or perhaps he was just a mountain man.

If one could turn back the pages of time, I am certain many of us would have less regrets. Rice had advanced in years and was becoming feeble. He made one last trip to the high Twin Lakes and his secret mine. He asked me to go with him. It was in early September and I was gathering two-year-old steers from our 15,000-acre forest permit. We shipped the steers to Portland each year before the frost came to our meadow pasture; due to this, I did not go with him.

We had a good and reliable old saddle horse. I saddled old Bill for Rice, secured his bedroll and provisions, and watched him head into the mountains he loved so well.

For two days my guilt complex increased to the point where I decided to go join him, to make his trip more enjoyable and to relieve my conscience for not going at the time he asked me. Early that morning I went to the barn to feed and saddle my horse.

Entering the barn, the first horse I saw was old Bill in the stall. Bill was still saddled, but the bridle had been removed and the manger filled with hay. I found Rice asleep in the haymow. A sadness came over me as I stood and looked at this tired and frail old man. I berated myself for not saying to hell with the steers and the Portland market.

I woke him up and said, "Come on, Rice, let's go to breakfast."

Of course, this created an argument. He said, "Why, I can't go in Carrie's house; I ain't shaved nor had a bath for three days."

I had found, through much trial and error, that the best way to get along with Rice was to give him a good-humored going over. "What the hell has a bath and your whiskers got to do with your appetite?" I said. He told me then to get him back on old Bill and he would go home and bake some biscuits. "Rice," I said, "you've got two choices. You can either walk with me to the house, or I am going to give you a thump on your damn old head and carry you!"

As he got up from the hay, he muttered, "Boy, that might be a larger contract than you bargained for," and I said, "All right, get on up and the winner will go for breakfast."

I had used the right angle on him, for he began brushing the hay from his hair and whiskers and said quietly, "Well, let's go—for I sure don't want you to get hurt."

WE GOT to the back door, then Rice muled up on me. "You get me a pan of hot water and your razor," he said. I thought it best to humor him, so getting the water, soap, razor and brush, I sat them on a bench under a cottonwood tree and left. A mirror was on the tree above the bench. Carrie and I watched him from the window, and in a short time he was shaved, his hair and mustache arranged to suit him.

Carrie had breakfast ready and Rice ate a hearty meal. Later Carrie asked him if he would stay with us for awhile, and much to our surprise, he consented to do so. She showed him into the spare bedroom, and told him to make himself at home, and Carrie closed the door.

When I came in at noon Carrie was real upset. Rice had stayed in the bedroom and she thought perhaps he was ill. We finally decided, however, that he was just getting some rest from his camping trip and we didn't disturb him. Rice slept until the middle of the afternoon.

By the end of the week we noticed he was becoming restless. We tried to convince him that he should stay the winter with us, but Rice blew up, saying, "I have never yet accepted charity from anyone!" I got right after him, and told him, "Charity, hell! I figured on you working for what you get around here. The wood box needs filling and the barn

(Continued on page 54)

Higraders

(Continued from page 18)

the main topic of conversation three years after the big event. Superintendent Dick Roelofs and his assistant, Luke Shepard, went down to the 12th level of the mine one night just before Thanksgiving in 1914 to "have a look" and what they saw was unbelievable. The last round of shots had broken into a huge cave, called a geode or vug, and the cave was literally lined with gold. Aladdin never saw the like of it.

Calaverite and sylvanite crystals studded the walls, the floor, the ceiling, with here and there a thumbnail-size piece of pure gold shining among them. Excited as the two men were, they had the presence of mind to call out a night crew of timbermen and before morning they had the drift bulkheaded and steel doors installed at the entrance to the cave, with three armed guards inside.

This vug was, and still remains, the most fabulous gold discovery ever known. The Cresson stockholders, a Chicago group, were about ready to give up on the "Duke," as the miners called it. They had poured thousands of dollars into the hole and had taken out nothing but lowgrade ore, and not enough of that to pay expenses. They had decided to "shut 'er down" the first of the year. But they didn't do it. Roelofs put three shifts of men in the vug scraping off the rich crystals with garden hoes. They took out half a million dollars worth of higrade in two weeks. This kind of ore is never run through a mill. It is melted down directly in assay furnaces, or sold, as is, to the mint. So much gold in so little rock was unheard of in mining circles. The vug was called a "jewelry shop," "higraders' heaven," "Aladdin's cave," and many other apt names.

When the scraping job was finished, Roelofs drilled and shot the cave walls, of which four carloads, 150 tons, brought the biggest check for a single shipment of ore in the history of mining: $468,637.29. Altogether, Roelofs shipped $1,250,000 worth of ore from the vug before Christmas. The biggest jackpot ever hit, or likely to be.

The vug itself was about forty feet high by fifteen feet wide by twenty feet long. But the ore extended far out into the walls. They kept drilling and caving in the walls until, as one mucker remarked, "You couldn't shoot across the stope with a highpowered rifle."

The first job I had on the Cresson in 1922 was working with Swede Walker and Ernest Roebush "longholing" around the walls of the huge stope that had been the Cresson Vug eight years before. The place had stood idle for several years, but the walls were still good mill dirt and the mill needed it. We drilled 420 twenty-foot holes all around the sides of the huge old stope. Then we spent a couple of days loading the holes to the collar with dynamite. We used quite a few tons of it.

We used electric fuses and at shooting time one night, we touched 'em off. We were out at the station (shaft) when the shots started booming. The noise sounded like an artillery bombardment and the concussion would blow you down a quarter of a mile from the blasts. The shots were still going off as we rode up the shaft. The fuses on each round of shots were trimmed so they would go off in rotation, but many shots from the other rounds went at the same time.

The broken muck went down an open stope to the 14th level, which it filled to overflowing and piled up high in the old 12th level stope. Several men trammed ore for three years from the rockpile we broke that night. Some of the boulders were bigger than boxcars and they had to literally drill rounds in them to break them up.

THERE WAS an aftermath to this affair that occurred in the late thirties. The cave on the 12th level was too big to support itself forever and the ground, which had been caving for years, just got tired of holding its own weight. There were empty stopes above it all the way to the surface and when it finally let go it went all the way. In the process it took part of the surface buildings, including the finest machine shop in the District with all its expensive equipment. It was all buried deep in the gaping hole and was never seen again. It took bulldozers several weeks to push in enough dump rock and surface dirt to level off the ground. The cave-in shook the whole camp like an earthquake.

I have a small specimen that came from the Cresson vug. It is a quartz crystal, colored purple by fluorides, and it has pure calaverite crystals sticking out all over it, similar to widely spaced kernels of corn on a cob. It was given to me by a friend who had worked in the vug.

In 1953 on the 29th level of the Ajax mine two vug were encountered similar to the great Cresson vug, but much smaller. The largest one was about five by eight by three feet. And in 1960 another small vug was found in the winze below the Carlton Drainage Tunnel level, 3,300 feet down. Further proof that all the higrade wasn't deposited near the surface. Men will mine gold one day at sea level in the Cripple Creek-Victor District.

The Little Clara mine in Anaconda Gulch, which was mined by way of the Moffat Tunnel (the Cripple Creek Moffat Tunnel, that is), was a jackpot so rich that the muleskinners, hauling ore to the railroad, would save a shovelful for themselves and drive around by an assay office and collect $25 to $50 for it. Kids would climb on the wagons as they went through town and grab a handful of higrade and a buyer would be standing on a corner to give them $5 for it. The Little Clara—and it was little—produced $900,000 in nine months.

Dick Hodges, who had a third interest in the Little Clara lease, left camp with a fair-sized fortune shortly after the turn of the century. He returned in the thirties practically broke and hoping to strike it rich again. He leased around on various mines with indifferent luck, making a living but little more. But he was all right so long as he was able to keep mining. He died at a ripe old age in the fifties.

Dick followed a pattern set by many others who had made stakes leasing. They'd make their money mining, then leave camp and invest it in some enterprise they generally knew nothing about. They were afraid they would lose it mining. But when they lost it elsewhere, they'd head back to the District to try again.

Like prizefighters, few of them ever made it the second time. There were, however, several leasers who made several large stakes in camp, but they didn't leave. They stuck to the mining game.

Most miners wanted only a few rich specimens from the various mines they had worked in with which to amaze their non-mining friends, and the friends generally wound up with the specimens. Others used higrade as a supplement to their wages—sort of a fringe benefit. Their belief was that they were risking their lives to mine the stuff (the literal truth) and that they were entitled to a little of it. Still others hoarded their higrade against a rainy day. I have had friends who sold several hundred dollars worth of higrade they had been saving for years to tide them over a rough time, or to pay heavy emergency expenses.

Still no matter how you look at it—higrading violates the eighth commandment. A lot of commandments had rough sledding in the Cripple Creek District.

Editorial

(Continued from page 5)

I'm going to haul in two quarts of paint this fall and paint the roof some hard-to-see color. It sure is a lonely spot; the silence there can be so complete as to leave a ringing in my ears. Then, all at once the wind will rise and seem to drift across the peaks, murmuring to itself. It alone never changes.

I'm thankful for *that*.—Hood River Blackie.

* * *

BLACKIE is for real—one of the realest people I know. You can't help but dream and I wonder so often what things would be like if most of us had his principles. If you ever meet him and want to keep your teeth, don't use the word "bum" when you are referring to a hobo. Blackie explains that a bum exists on handouts. A hobo works for his keep. The only thing he doesn't pay for is transportation. He believes there is a big difference in a beggar and a railroad hitchhiker. Hoboes have their pride. See you next month.—Hosstail

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OMISSION

The pictures which appeared with the article "Jack Pickens—Man With A Secret" in the February 1977 issue, other than those specifically credited, were provided by a family member, Mrs. Clara Pickens Vickers.

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Wild Old Days!

Photo Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western History Department

The *City of Denver*, a coal boat converted to a pleasure launch, on Sloan's Lake.

SLOAN'S REMARKABLE WELL

By Agnes M. Pharo

IT ALL BEGAN one day in 1861 when Thomas Sloan decided to dig a well on his ranch in Colorado Territory. Sloan had come West a few years earlier, bent on farming. The spot he chose was about two miles west of the growing settlement of Denver. This was a half-mile-long valley where, not long before, Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians had raced their ponies in wild competition.

It didn't take Thomas Sloan long to strike water. He figured he was just plain lucky; he'd have plenty for irrigation. But by next morning he was figuring differently—like how to keep all that water out of the house, for his well had filled up and the overflow was even now lapping at his doorstep. That remarkable well kept on flowing until the whole valley was filled with water. The resulting lake became known as Sloan's Lake, the name it bears today.

Sloan had to build another house far back from the shore. And since his land was now under water, he had to find some way other than farming to make a living. He began cutting ice in the wintertime which he packed in sawdust and stored in sheds. He shipped the ice to local breweries, a business that prospered for several years. Then in 1874 Thomas Sloan died.

There's no record of who bought his property, but in that same year Boulevard and Sloan's Lake Steam Navigation Company was formed. It built a canal one-and-a-half miles long between Sloan's Lake and the Grand View Hotel on Federal Boulevard in Denver. Thirty-five teams of horses were needed to excavate the waterway through hardpan which should have held water perfectly. A second-hand steamboat was purchased and readied as a cruise ship.

All this sounded like a pipe dream to Denver citizens. They laughed, but soon they were eagerly lining up to get tickets. Pleasure seekers went by horse-car from the downtown area to the hotel which advertised: "The only steamboat in Colorado leaves this house every hour, carrying passengers to the great Sloan's Lake and return for 25¢." The hotel had a miniature ferry building, a boat dock and a forty-foot lagoon for turning the boat.

The steamer carried 100 passengers for the three-mile round trip. It was quite a thrill for the land-locked Denverites to sail down a real canal, and the venture thrived for six months. But financial problems developed, partly because the fare was too low, partly because the boat was constantly in need of repair. The final blow came when the canal began springing leaks despite the hardpan base. The Boulevard and Sloan's Lake Company went broke in November 1874. The boat brought only $240.00 at a sheriff's sale. It probably took all that and more to fill in the once-famous canal.

FIFTEEN YEARS later, in the winter of 1889, Adam Graff, a German pioneer, began cutting ice from the lake as Sloan had done. Maybe he remembered the canal and steamboat, maybe he was just dreaming. But in his mind's eye he could visualize a great amusement park on the north shore of the lake. He interested the Steinke brothers—Robert and Ernest—in his idea. Somehow they raised $100,000 and went to work. Their park, which they named Manhattan Beach, opened June 28, 1891.

Thomas Sloan's eyes would have

popped could he have seen it. His remarkable well was now the heart of one of Denver's favorite amusement spots. Installed in the lake was an electric fountain, said to be one of the first in the world, with a central jet one hundred feet high. A coal boat, shipped from the East, was converted into a pleasure launch called the *City of Denver*. It cruised around the 200-acre lake while an on-board band played for the entertainment of passengers. In addition, two other bands were featured on shore. Determined that Manhattan Beach should live up to its name, the owners hauled in several thousand dollars worth of sand to create a beach 500 feet long.

Grounds surrounding the lake were beautifully landscaped with hundreds of trees, elaborate flower gardens and three miles of footpaths. The owners built an ornate theater, an open air cafe, roller skating rink, dance pavilion, bath houses and a boat dock. The biggest attraction for children was the menagerie which housed various animals, including lions, kangaroos, bears, ostriches and elephants. A male and female of each species were obtained in hope that the animals would cooperate in reproducing their kind. (No hint is given whether they did or not.)

But Manhattan Beach's days were numbered, too. On December 26, 1908 a fire, believed to have been caused by faulty wiring, broke out in the theater. In spite of the efforts of a hastily organized bucket brigade, the building burned to the ground. Nevertheless Manhattan Beach struggled along till the following summer, when its *City of Denver* sank during a violent windstorm. The wreck had to be dynamited and the flotsam hauled away. After this, Graff and the Steinke brothers sold out to Albert Lewin who formed a new company under the name Luna Park.

Lewin replaced the theater with a square, barn-like building, neither as large nor as ornate as the original. The roller rink, dance pavilion, bath houses and boat dock were put back into use. It isn't known what happened to the zoo, but Lewin installed a merry-go-round and other rides for children.

One huge, open-front tent served hot dogs, popcorn and ice cream cones over its rough board counter. Another tent was the mysterious retreat of a number of gypsies who told fortunes for ten or fifteen cents. To drum up business, they would move among the crowd in bright-colored dresses. With their piercing dark eyes, gaudy earrings and countless bangles and beads, they scared the daylights out of most little kids. Even some adults were uneasy about them.

A three-deck paddle-wheeler called *The Frolic* had replaced the luckless *City of Denver*. It was said to be able to carry about 400 passengers—fare ten cents each—for a trip around the lake. But in a few years much of the glamour was gone from Luna Park, possibly because a newer and larger amusement park was thriving a mile to the north. Then, like Manhattan Beach before it, a sudden fire ravaged the buildings. *The Frolic* was dismantled, and Luna Park was no more.

Nature took over, edging the lake with cattails and reeds, where frogs and red-winged blackbirds took refuge and trout lurked in the shallows. Small boys, and some not so small, now walked out to Sloan's Lake to fish. If the fish weren't biting, they'd shuck off their clothes and go swimming in the buff. Who was to see? The lake was still 'way out in the country. The park and the people were gone.

As Denver expanded, homes began appearing in the area and streets were laid out. Along in the 1920s, the Denver Gun Club built a clubhouse at the west end of the lake. For nearly fifty years trapshooters fired tons of lead shot into the water, posing a major polution problem. Finally, after much pressure from environmental groups, the gun club gave up its trap range and moved to other quarters. Much of the lead has been dredged up for salvage.

Today Sloan's Lake Park is one of many owned by the city, a favorite spot for picnickers, lying in what is now the northwest quadrant of Denver. And it surrounds, as it always has, Mr. Sloan's remarkable well which has never stopped flowing.

CANADA'S "PRAIRIE STUCCO"

By George Shepherd

THE SOD HOUSE, an integral part of frontier life on the plains, bespeaks a heritage as fine as that bestowed by life in a log cabin. In the 1860s when the pioneers pushed out onto the bleak prairies of Kansas and Nebraska they found scarcely any trees or stones with which to build houses. So they turned to the only material available, the natural sod. In Nebraska it was known as "Nebraska marble"; up in Canada it was known as "prairie stucco."

Some sod houses and barns were extremely crude and others almost works of art. The greatest appeal they had to the pioneer with slim financial resources was that they could be built for a cash outlay of from four to five dollars. Some were built for less.

An even more simple style of shelter was the dug-out. This simply consisted of excavating a hole in a hillside or coulee bank with sods built up or piled around it. Settlers from as far south as Kansas found the dug-out a safe refuge from cyclones. One objection to dug-outs was that people and even buffalo often accidentally crashed through the roof into the home below. A hazard of the times.

To construct a sod house or barn, furrows were plowed in a dried-up grassy slough which contained plenty of grass roots and fiber to hold the sod together. The long ribbon of sod that rolled out behind the plow was cut into 28" lengths. A preferred width of furrow was around 14" with a depth of about 4". The sods were hauled to the building site on a stone boat or wagon.

If two thicknesses of sods were used side by side to make a wall 28" thick, sods were placed alternately crosswise like building bricks without mortar (although if water was available it helped to make a better seal). A sharp spade was used to level off the various courses and to fill in the cracks. There was always an old hand around to help the greenhorn get work started, illustrating the knack it took to insure walls would stand up to the elements.

Georgina McGill taught in this sod schoolhouse in Saskatchewan circa 1908.

Light poplar poles, if procurable, were placed from the tops of the walls to a central ridge pole to form a roof. Hay was spread on these; and sods or earth, placed on top. Most sod houses had dirt floors and dirt roofs. A common saying was that "If it rained all day outside, it rained for two days inside." More than a million of these sod buildings were in use on the Great Plains of the United States and Canada in the homestead period of the early 1900s.

WHEN the question was asked about the length of time it took to build a sod house the facetious answer was, "It all depended on how much work you could get out of your wife." Frequently sodding bees were held in which the whole neighborhood took part, and a sod house could be built in one day. The sodding bee was often accompanied by an open air dance, as a kind of housewarming after the work was done. Some Canadian settlers were still living in their soddies when the power line went through and were able to have electric lighting in the venerable dwelling.

With such thick walls, sod buildings were warm in winter and cool in summer. Even in winter weather water would not freeze in the home when the fire went out during the night, whereas in the flimsy lumber buildings water in the tea kettle often froze solid even if left on the stove. Windows in sod buildings were kept at a minimum to save weakening the walls.

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A Captain's Memoirs

(Continued from page 15)

raise a battalion of three companies. He took Dr. Blair's company as Company A. As he wished to appoint Beynon adjutant, he had the company reorganize. The officers of the company which became Company B were: I. R. Burch, captain; R. J. Parsons, 1st lieutenant; S. J. Sweet, 2nd lieutenant; and N. H. Smith, 3rd lieutenant. After the organization, I joined the company as a private. Lt. Col. Likens appointed Lt. R. J. Parsons [as] quartermaster. The other lieutenants were promoted, and an election was held for third lieutenant. When I was elected third lieutenant of Co. B, Likens' Battalion, C. S. A., this company was mustered in for one year.

Soon after this, two heavier guns were sent via Liberty. I was detailed to go to Liberty and load them on a car to be forwarded to Beaumont, thence, by steamer to Sabine Pass. With these guns were solid shot and shells. In time we got them to Fort Sabine. Captain Burch, like all the balance, was very green in military matters. We looked in Gilliam's *Tactics*, but found we were still at a loss to know just how to proceed. Captain Burch said the fuse must go down so the fire could get at it. As he was the captain, so it went, and we fired the first shell that way as an experiment. It exploded in the gun, of course, but fortunately did not explode the gun. We found out the other end went down.

IT WAS about this time Aunt Sally McGaffey, widow of John McGaffey, gave me some notes concerning the early history of Sabine Pass of which I made a memorandum, which was afterward lost. I remember she gave [an] account of the first vessel known to have come into the port. The vessel was [the] brig *Elizabeth*, a slaver with Africans on board, which she bought and shipped from the island of Barbados, West Indies, in 1836 and sought a market for them. This vessel lay to below the oyster reefs alongside of the bank. The seaweed and grass covered all the land from the water in the Pass for a mile back, and it was higher than a man's head. The wild animals had beat down the grass and made trails through it to the higher land back in the prairie. The place where she lay was ever after known as the Brig Landing. From aloft, the captain of this vessel saw the McGaffey home. He sent the mate and two men out to reconnoiter. They followed a trail leading in the right direction, hacking the weeds with their knives so they could find their way back.

They found the McGaffey home, got fresh meat, and started back along the trail. While returning, the man in front said somebody's dog was ahead. The mate ordered him to kick the dog out of the road. The dog seized the man's shoulder and embraced him with his forelegs, wounding the man badly. The other men rushed to the rescue and killed the beast with their knives. They returned to the McGaffeys' taking the "dog" along, which was a large black bear. The brig remained several weeks. The captain went up the Neches [river] in a yawl boat as far as Grigsby's, and by land as far as San Augustine. He sold several slaves, but not all. The brig left for Galveston Island. There was at that time no lighthouse on the coast of Texas.

We remained at Fort Sabine. Occasionally, a blockade runner came in and left, which helped to pass the time. At the close of our enlistment, the company reorganized for three years or the end of the war. At the election of officers, I became captain. Feeling tired of doing nothing and anxious to get into a fight, quite a number of our boys left us. Others came in until we reached our limit of 125 men.

In August, 1862, a steamer ran in with cargo consigned to Nelson, Clemms Company of Galveston. Her name was the *Victoria*, under Captain Lambret. The captain went to Galveston via Beaumont and Houston to report his ship. The next day, I heard at the fort that there was some sickness on board, and that two or three men had died on the ship since she left Havana. I inquired of Dr. Murry, our post surgeon, and he said yes, but it was not serious. A citizen by the name of William Vosburg came to me the next day after this and informed me that the ship had yellow fever on board. I immediately reported this to post headquarters and was informed that the doctors said it was not. I then got George Pomeroy, a member of my company, to find out. I had confidence in Pomeroy as well as Vosburg. That day, a lad named Hartsfield, who had been about the ship a good deal, died. Mrs. Vosburg waited on the lad while sick. She came to me and said she had nursed yellow fever in New Orleans, and said the boy died of yellow fever.

I went to headquarters with Pomeroy and Vosburg and reported yellow fever. Still, the doctors said it was not. I told them I was well acquainted with yellow fever, and [that] I had no doubts about it, and that I would officially report it, the doctors to the contrary notwithstanding.

The next day about twenty cases of fever occurred, including the entire Hartsfield family of five, all of whom died. In three days, there were a hundred cases. The military authorities sent Dr. Hay from Houston. The first case he saw he diagnosed as yellow fever of the most malignant type. Orders were immediately issued for the troops to leave the post. Boats were sent down from Beaumont, and all left but the sick.

I was ordered to abandon the fort and get out. A good many of my company lived in [the] Sabine Pass vicinity. Some were sailors and had no home. I instructed Sergeant W. H. McKnight to remain at the fort as he did not wish to leave and all others who did not wish to go. So some twenty or thirty remained. Two lieutenants were among the sick and both died. The other lieutenant left. We had provisions to feed them for some time. The fever was very fatal. A large number of citizens did not get away in time. I received orders to assume command of the post, to take care of the sick, and exercise any authority I thought necessary. The troops at the fort continued to take the fever, so the number grew less every day. In case the Federals came in, I was directed to spike the guns and destroy all other property. But no one thought they would come in.

Time passed—our principal business was to bury the dead. To our surprise one day, two large schooners, carrying the Federal flag at the foretop, approached the outer bar. I immediately went to the fort. I found Sergeant McKnight present and four men able to work. We talked the matter over, and all concluded to stay.

THE SCHOONERS were armed with mortars and had been prepared for and had engaged in the bombardment of Port Hudson on the Mississippi River. As soon as they crossed the bar, they opened fire. We saw the range and caliber of their guns were far greater than ours. Captain Marsh's company, reduced to a few men, kept a line of couriers to Beaumont. Major Irvine of our battalion arrived and was in command of the post. He came to the fort and also eleven men of my company, including Lt. Goodnoe. The Federals had done us no harm, but were getting our range. One of them got us in range. I told Major Irvine I thought I could reach him, and if I could, I would make him move.

We had two kinds of projectiles—solid shot and shells. The cartridge for solid shot was eight pounds of powder, and for shells, six pounds. In order to reach the schooner, I put an eight pound cartridge behind a shell, which carried beyond the schooner and passed between the masts. He moved farther off. We held them off all day. Of course, they had the advantage of us in range and size of guns. They could reach us while we could not reach them.

That night Captain G. W. O'Bryan of our battalion (which was A. W. Spaight's battalion) arrived with about thirty men. They were all convalescents from the hospital and knew nothing about artillery.

Major Irvine called the officers together and asked [for] our opinions. It appeared we were at the mercy of the enemy. Captain O'Bryan proposed to stay, but Major Irvine ordered the guns spiked and all property removed to Beaumont. That night at two o'clock, the movement began, and [the] next morning, Lt. [James] Cassidy, of my company spiked the guns. Cassidy had been elected lieutenant after the death of Lt. Concannon, who had died of yellow fever. Lt. Goodnoe also died at the Pass of the fever. The sick all remained in the town. [Deaths from yellow fever continued at Sabine from July until at least October 20th. The town was placed under a quarantine. Keith lost a brother-in-law, Lt. R. J. Parsons, a sister-in-law, Amelia McGaffey, and his wife's grandmother, Hannah McGaffey.] After a bombardment next morning, the Federals came in and burned the barracks at the fort, but did not come up to town.

We proceeded by rail to Beaumont. I received orders to proceed with all my company, who had been ordered to report for duty to Grigsby's Bluff [now Port Neches]. On arriving there by steamboat,

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we found twelve pound guns were intended for defense in case the Federals came up the river. The Federals sent a small steamer [*Dan*] into the lake and burned the railroad bridge over Taylor's Bayou. Colonel Spaight's headquarters were in Beaumont. I received orders to construct a boat to carry twenty men to be used as a guard boat on the lake, which I did.

We discovered the Federals were getting supplies of fresh meat and vegetables from the people on Johnson's Bayou. We set out to catch them. I sent a man into the neighborhood to get information. After being away about two weeks, he returned one night about midnight and reported the Federal officers were attending a dance that night at a certain citizen's house. I took 20 men and got to the house, 20 miles away, by water and land just at daylight. The Federals had gone to their ships. However, we captured one of their metallic life boats. We remained at Fort Grigsby quietly.

At one o'clock a.m., December 31st, a steamboat came with orders for us to proceed at once to Galveston. Before we got on board, a courier brought orders for the boat to lay there for further orders. We soon began to hear the guns at Galveston. Instructions came for us to disembark on the 10th of January. I received orders to proceed at once to Orange with 25 men.

WE ARRIVED in Orange—very cold, rain and sleet falling. We found two steamboats had been armed. The *Josiah Bell* was armed with one gun, a 64-pound rifle, constructed at the Tregerdy Iron Works in Richmond, Virginia. The other boat, the *Uncle Ben*, was armed with two 12-pound iron guns on ship carriages. Captain Charles Fowler, architect and builder for the special assignment, had mounted the guns on the forecastle of the boat and had piled cotton uncompressed in front of and on either side of the boilers, between two wooden bulkheads running up the cabin deck.

I immediately proceeded to board the *Bell*, that being headquarters of Major O. M. Watkins of General [John B.] Magruder's staff, who was the officer-in-command. I met Captain Odlum and Lt. Dick Dowling, who pointed out Major Watkins. Captain Odlum called to him and said, "This is Captain Keith, Major." My astonishment was great when I discovered our commander was very drunk. I made my report. He ordered me to bivouac with the men on an open lot covered with water and ice, sleet and rain falling, very cold.

I inquired why we could not go on board the *Uncle Ben*. He said he would "learn" me to obey orders, swearing profusely all the time. I left him as I found him, leaning heavily on a small table. A candle on the table had burned a large hole on the shoulder of his coat.

Nearby was a sawmill belonging to my friend, William Russell. I sent him a note, asking his permission to occupy it, which he granted. So we slept in the mill that night. We rolled up in our blankets and "spooned up" to keep from freezing. We were all wet and slept but

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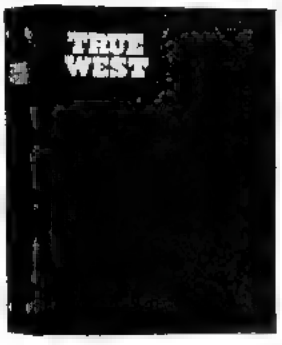

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little. The next day, Captain Fowler said we might go on board. Major Watkins was sleeping.

I organized two gun crews. The guns were mounted on ship carriages. The breeching was fastened by an eye bolt made of one-half-inch iron put into the deck of the forecastle. I reported that these bolts would not hold when the gun was fired. Captain Fowler thought they would. I asked permission to take the boat below town and try the guns, drill the men in firing, and practice target firing. This was refused by Watkins.

On or about the 17th, we got underway and proceeded to off the mouth of the Neches River. Here, we lay at anchor. Captain G. W. O'Bryan and his company came on board the *Uncle Ben*, and a cavalry company of West Texas cowboys were placed on the *Bell*. I made application again to try the guns and drill the men, and again [was] denied.

On the 20th, we got under way and arrived at Sabine Pass about dark. Captain Fowler managed the boats. We could never have left Orange except for Captain Fowler. At Sabine Pass, Captain Marsh of Company A, who was stationed on the Back Ridge, came on to report. He stated that there were no Federals inside, that there were two blockaders outside the bar—one large ship and a schooner. Watkins was still drunk on Louisiana rum. Captain Fowler's patience was very much tried by Watkins.

On the early morning of January 21st, we got under way and headed for the outer bar. Captain Fowler took entire command, which was satisfactory to all of us. The two blockading ships, both sailing vessels, stood off shore. We gave chase. About nine o'clock, the *Bell* opened fire. The Federals luffed up, the wind being from the southeast by east, and responded with their six-inch guns. The Federals were at a loss to make out what we were, but they suspected a "ram." About the time we got in range, the gun on the *Bell* became disabled by [the] hanging of a shell in the bore about the trunion. The *Bell* stopped, and this enabled us to catch up. As we were a slower boat, we had fallen astern. The *Uncle Ben* passed the *Bell* and received the fire of both the Federal ships, but our guns were so small, we were outranged. So we held our fire until satisfied we could reach.

My gun crews were in charge of Sergeant Sam Watson and Sergeant George Davis. We opened one gun at a time to catch the distance. Every shot we made took effect, but we were about disabled by the bolts which held the recoil giving way. We were all adrift. At this time, the *Bell* came into action again, as the lodged shell had been forced home. By then, the rifles in the hands of Captain O'Bryan's men reached the largest ship, and they soon settled the victory in favor of the Confederates.

The flag on the *Morning Light* went down, and this, in fact, should have closed the engagement, but the other vessel, the schooner *Velocity*, continued to fire on us. Then we got straightened up, loaded our guns, and turned to fire on the schooner. They concluded to surrender, and we held our fire.

As we approached the schooner, I stood on the stern of the *Uncle Ben* and leaped to the rail of the schooner, by which I was the first man to board her. Captain Johnson, our ship master, was the next. I reached the captain of the schooner first, but he had no sword or side arms of any kind, so I turned to look after the schooner. How far offshore we were I don't know, but we were out of sight of land.

Some sailors from my company and John Gibney from O'Bryan's company were put on board the schooner, she was taken in tow, and we headed for Sabine Pass. We soon found the schooner was a fast sailer, so we cast off the tow line. The schooner kept up with us. We soon left the *Bell* and arrived in port about two o'clock.

The schooner *Velocity*, was armed with two 12-pound guns on field carriages, about 25 men, and a lieutenant of the U. S. Navy. The *Bell* with the ship *Morning Light* in tow, arrived off the bar an hour later and left the ship at anchor off the bar. We were very much surprised at this as she could have come in, but the officers thought not, although Captain P. D. Stockholm, the bar pilot on the *Bell*, protested and assured them he could bring the ship in with the help of the two steamers. She was not only left outside, but a detail of ten or fifteen men from Pyron's Cavalry "regulars" were left in charge of the ship. Captain Odlum and myself asked to be sent on board. Either of us could handle the ship or her guns, but Major Watkins waved his sword and, in a drunken, swaggering way, said, "I am in command of the expeditionary force, and will be obeyed." And [he] used language unfit to write, so we left him alone with the remark that if General Magruder were so foolish as to send such a thing as to command, the whole thing could go.

The result of it was that the *Morning Light*, a fine ship of 900 tons with nine guns and other valuable property, had to be destroyed by fire to keep her from being recaptured. The casualties were entirely on the Federal side; there was one killed and fifteen wounded. The *Morning Light* was a sail vessel and drew fourteen feet. There was that night nine or ten feet [of water] on the bar at high tide. However, the bar is composed of soft mud—so soft that, on one occasion I shoved a push-pole straight down 20 feet with my hands. On another occasion, I sent out a steamship for which I was agent, the *Hudson*, drawing 9 feet, ten inches, while a norther had blown the water out so that there was only seven feet on the bar. Yet, the *Hudson* backed out, her propeller pulling her through. So we all felt that we could have brought the *Morning Light* in easily. But a commanding officer, who has never been out of sight of land; and who consequently knew nothing about a vessel, and was drunk, gave the orders. And the ship was lost, which was bad enough, but the demoralization [it] caused was a more serious injury.

The two gunboats remained [at Sabine], with Odlum's company on the *Bell* and my company on the *Uncle Ben*. The blockade was maintained by steam vessels after that.

QUITE a large force occupied Sabine Pass for some time, with various commanders at the post. Some 400 Negroes were put to work on a new fort [Griffin] one mile below town, and defensive entrenchments six miles west of town [Fort Manhassett]. One day while at practice, the gun on the *Bell* exploded, killing and injuring several. The *Bell* was taken to Orange, Captain Odlum [was] ordered on shore and to the new fort, which was in the course of construction. My company remained on the *Ben*.

The Federals invaded West Texas at Indianola. So the Confederates armed

ELECTRONIC

the steamboat *Carr*. I received an order to send half of my company on the *Carr* in Matagorda Bay with a trusty lieutenant. I sent Lt. James O. Cassidy and the men.

My health had failed entirely so that I was a portion of the time in the hospital. All the regiments were ordered away except the 21st Infantry. Colonel [William H.] Griffin was very egotistical and overbearing. He soon got the guardhouse more than full of men under petty offenses. Court martial became the order of the times. The blockade dwindled down to one steamer—then to none at all. The doctor thought it best for me to go inland to recover my health. They gave me transportation to Dallas. I left the company on the *Ben* with Lt. N. H. Smith. The new fort was about half completed, and the guns mounted.

The Texas Central railroad extended from Houston to Millican. From that place, a stage line extended to Dallas. When we arrived at Waco, we were informed that, for the balance of the trip, we would ride in a two-horse wagon. This I could not do, as I was very weak and had fever. I put up at the hotel, informed the proprietor of my condition, and requested his aid in getting a place in the country. The next morning, I walked to the post office. Noticing two or three nice-looking farmers, I approached them, introduced myself, and stated my condition. One of them told me that his name was Cobb and that he lived three miles out on the Bosque. I showed him my orders and proved myself a Mason. He at once said he would take me out to his house, which he did. I found him a very nice gentleman, and his family most excellent people in every way.

I had only been there some two or three weeks when Judge Cobb got a paper, the Houston *Telegraph*, which informed us that General Magruder had ordered the regiment of infantry at Sabine Pass and all other available troops to Bonham, Texas to meet an expected invasion of Texas via the Indian territory. After reading it, I asked Mr. Cobb if he thought there was any danger of that. He said, "Not a bit!" We talked the matter over, and I concluded the Federals contemplated an attack somewhere on the coast. So it was agreed I would go in town the next morning in time to catch the stage to go back home.

At Millican that night, I learned that General Magruder and his staff had come up that day and were having a grand ball. At that point, it appeared that there could be no danger. If there was, the General would be at his post of duty. Next morning, the train pulled out for Houston. We arrived at about 3 o'clock p.m. It was easy to see that there was something unusual on hand. I saw Murry, of the general staff, get on the engine, and the engine pull out with great speed, I was not surprised. I knew what the trouble was, so I hurried to headquarters and found the attack was at Sabine Pass. Others and myself applied for special transportation, but could not get it.

General Magruder arrived about 3 o'clock a.m. We called on him, and he said he would get us over in a few hours. A train was made up—troops assembled—we waited in the car. About 3 o'clock p.m., we heard the bells ringing in the town and supposed it was a fire. We soon saw a staff officer. He said the battle had been fought, and we had gained a great victory. We did not fully believe it. But before long, General Magruder came into the coach. Seeing me, he asked if I had announced the good news to the troops. I told him I had not. It had not been confirmed. He then directed me to announce it so we were exceedingly anxious to get to Sabine Pass. We arrived about noon the following day.

K. D. Keith, Pension No. 620
Co. B, Spaight's Bn., 21st Infantry
Civil War Service—4 Years, 2 Months

* * * *

A SUMMING UP by W. T. Block: Cataracts, which afflicted Captain Keith's eyesight to the point of total blindness by 1897, account for his narrative's abrupt ending. Nonetheless, his memoirs are a valuable record.

At Sabine Pass in September 1857, Keith had bought a half-interest in a cotton brokerage firm. Soon after, he married Mary Jane McGaffey, the daughter of his partner, Otis McGaffey. Their honeymoon was spent aboard the steamer *Jasper*, a cotton and cattle boat which carried eighty beeves on each of its weekly voyages between Sabine Pass and New Orleans.

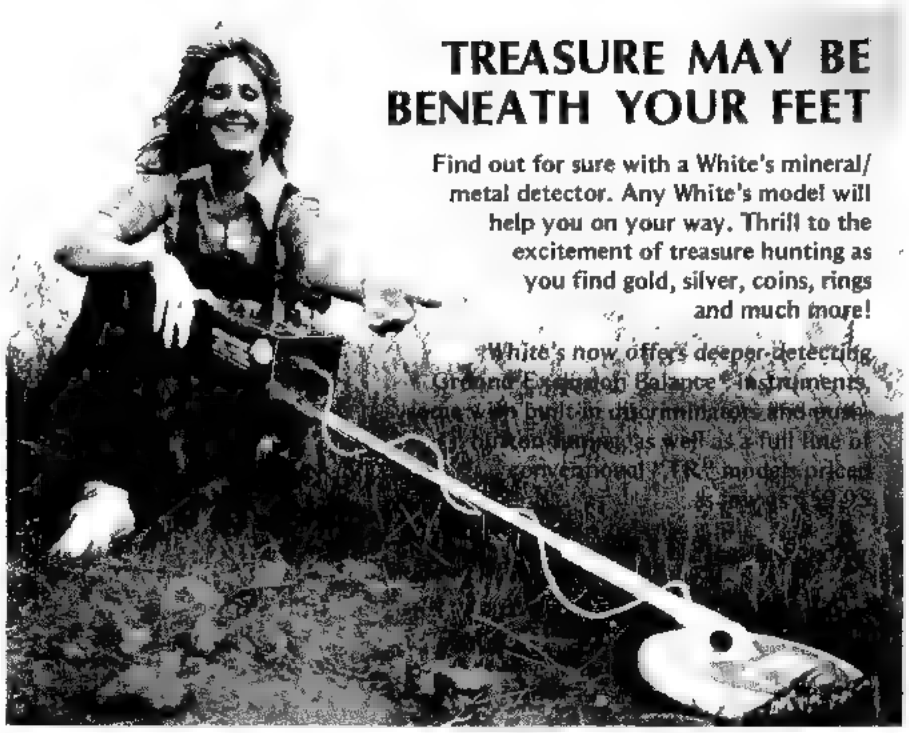
Descended from Colonial New Hampshire stock and American Revolutionary fighters, Otis McGaffey had arrived at Beaumont, Texas, on December 31, 1839, where he and his father Neal McGaffey immediately took the oath of allegiance to the Republic of Texas. Between 1846 and 1878, Otis McGaffey prospered as a cotton merchant at Sabine; then a series of hurricanes caused him to resettle at Luling, Texas in 1878, where most of the Keith and McGaffey descendants are buried.

In 1860 Henry Keith moved his family, his orphaned sister Allie B., and brother John Wilbur, from Jasper County to Sabine Pass, where they resided for the next decade. Henry was a prominent businessman until his death in 1869, and his two sons subsequently acquired sizeable fortunes in the East Texas lumber industry and Spindletop Oil Field boom at Beaumont.

Caught up in the Civil War as a cavalryman at age sixteen, John Wilbur Keith also became a prominent sawmiller and died a wealthy man at Beaumont in 1889.

Since Captain Keith's memoirs end on the day that the Battle of Sabine Pass was fought, September 8, 1863, I found it interesting to check out what happened to him later.

After the battle, Keith's unit, Co. B Spaight's Texas Battalion, was reassigned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from artillery duty aboard the Confederate cottonclad *Uncle Ben* to man the additional guns at Fort Griffin at Sabine Pass and alongside Lt. Dick Dowling and his forty-seven immortal Davis Guards, whose gallant and Alamo-like defense of the port had just won for them one of only two gold medallions ever authorized by the Confederate Congress. Despite continued invasion fears, the succeeding year proved rather uneventful for Captain Keith and his men until November 1864 when, upon the activation of the 21st Texas Regiment, Keith's unit was redesignated as Co. I, of Bates' 13th Texas Volunteers, and was reassigned as artillerists at Fort Manhassett, located six miles west of Sabine Pass. They remained at the latter post until the war ended.

Disillusioned by defeat and broken in spirit and finances, the East Texas planters returned to the only life they knew, that of cotton-growing, and Captain Keith resumed the role of middleman, shipping the commodities of East Texas to market and supplying the pioneer settlers with manufactured goods. In partnership with his brother Henry, his brokerage operated under the firm name of Keith and Keith until H. C. L. (Henry) Keith's death in 1869.

The business became known as Keith and Vaughan when the Captain's brother-in-law, Allie's husband A. N. Vaughan, entered the firm. Keith bought the steamboat *Orleans* to collect cotton along the Sabine and Neches Rivers, and by 1870 his company was shipping 4,000 or more bales annually. During the hurricane of June 1871, the steamer, which broke loose from its moorings, was saved only by the expertise of her pilot. During a subsequent hurricane three months later, Keith lost not only his steamer, but everything else he owned except his and his family's lives.

With only 15¢ in his jeans, the cotton broker left his family in Sabine Pass, hitched a ride on the schooner *Fontainbleau*, and landed at Galveston, where he worked a year for D. Theo Ayers and Co. until he had saved enough to re-enter business. Partly due to his ill health, he and his family moved to Columbus, Texas in 1873, where he opened a retail lumber business. During the next ten years, the Keith family resided for short periods of time in a number of Texas communities, including Waelder, Schulenburg, Luling, San Antonio and San Marcos, finally settling at Orange, where the family operated a store and boarding house during 1884-1885.

But Luling had become "home" to Mary Jane Keith after her parents, brothers, and sisters had settled there in 1878. In 1885, the Keiths returned to Luling. Captain Keith became a hardware merchant.

On December 3, 1907 K. D. and Mary Jane Keith celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with most of their surviving children present. They were the parents of three boys and six girls: Wilbur D.; Ida (Williams); Amelia, who died in infancy; Edgar, who died age two and Edna, at age five; Sumter; Marianna (Glasgow); Delia (Stair); and Alabama B. (Schlottman).

Although Captain Keith's last years were impaired by near or total blindness, he remained active and occasionally visited his relatives in Beaumont. He attended a state encampment of the United Confederate Veterans there, a few months before his death in 1911. His widow survived until 1921, and both are buried in the family plot in the City Cemetery in Luling.

Keith was typical of those young men who went West in search of better financial opportunities and who found both prosperity and a happy married life intermixed with war, pestilence, financial adversities, and other uncertainties of a frontier. He had that brand of foresight, industry, and stamina which was to extend the outposts of civilization all the way to the Pacific.

R. E. Lee Glasgow of Waco, Texas who supplied the memoirs and many of the pictures to Western Publications is the grandson of Captain Keith.

"Luckless" Detachment

(Continued from page 19)

Territorial Governor and John Goodwin of Maine as its Chief Justice. When Mr. Gurley died before the party could set out, the President asked Mr. Goodwin to fill that vacancy and appointed William F. Turner as Chief Justice.

On August 27, 1863 John Goodwin left New York for the West, accompanied by Turner, Secretary Richard McCormick and Judge R. Allyn. Government transportation with escort was provided from Fort Leavenworth where the party had been enlarged by the addition of other officials. The party left that place September 26.

The dignitaries rode in three ambulances with their official supplies. Provisions and forage were in sixty-six mule-drawn wagons. The Leavenworth newspaper reported, "John Goodwin, Richard McCormick, Frank Robinson, and others are here and will leave for Arizona Territory via Denver. A detachment of Missouri soldiers, headed by Capt. J. H. Butcher will escort the party to that place." Goodwin's cavalcade entered the Territory December 27, 1863 after three months en route. John Noble Goodwin took up his Territorial duties with the new year, 1864.

Arizona libraries have very little on the administrative doings of that period. The Civil War had settled in with brutal grimness. While Governor Goodwin took office, the Army of the Potomac was readying to cross the Rapidan to bleed in the wilderness. The assignment of the twenty-two men for escort duty had been a simple, routine performance of outfield soldiering. The strategy of setting up Federal authority as a block between the Confederacy and the Pacific Coast had been accomplished. Journalism sifting out of the wild area dealt mostly with Indian news or the report of a profusion of reptiles, or of metals such as copper and silver. However, one issue of *The Miner* published in March 1864 did mention the escort soldiers: "On Saturday, on request of people from Lower Hesiampa [Hassayampa] district, asked for military protection from Apaches. Capt. Pishon, commanding in the absence of Maj. Edw. Wills and his 1st Cav. Vol. Infantry, sent twenty of Capt. Butcher's Missouri Volunteers on the road. . . ."

Apparently it was a false alarm for that is the only mention of the escort.

This duty-assignment appeared three months after Kansas news columns (January 1864) noted "snow on the Republican and Solomon river fork is 2 ft. deep; wagon trains were snowed in at Kidder and Osborn. Both these places were not far from old Ft. Aubrey." The fort was once an important spot to trappers and travelers and soldiers. It is located on Highway 50 in western Kansas, on the gravel-bottom Spring Creek a few miles from where it empties into the shallow Arkansas River. Across from this creek mouth is Choteau Island, mid-river. The island was the campsite of the family who developed a great fur business in the early West, with Kansas City their 'Eastern Shipping Point.' A fresh water spring at Fort Aubrey was known to all caravans and travelers along the trail West.

The single muster-roll taken of the Missouri Volunteers, dated February 29, 1864, mentioned, "The Company marched from St. Londenen (sp?) Creek to Ft. Whipple . . . a distance of 200 miles."

It seems logical to assume the escort did not get back to Fort Aubrey till about May—pretty late for a killing blizzard. The soldiers, said to have bedded in bunks in the fort, reportedly froze to death in their sleep.

Where or how the winter-tragedy story of the frozen soldiers started is probably lost for all time. But a copy of their muster-out roll furnished by the Missouri Adjutant's office refutes it entirely. Dated July 27, 1865 it lists the company's personnel mustering in, July '63, and out two years later. Only six deaths were noted for the entire company. One soldier was murdered; five died from disease. No deaths at all are indicated as occurring during the expedition to Arizona Territory.

Belle Starr's Piano

(Continued from page 23)

"Got your freight rig in town?" I nodded. "Want to make fifty bucks?" she asked.

I had an idea what she wanted, but I asked anyway. "Doing what?"

"Hauling this piano to the Bend for me."

I was a little leery, but fifty bucks was a lot of money so I decided to take her up on the offer. "When do we start?"

"Go get your rig and we will load up and take off." Belle smiled and whipped into "Turkey In The Straw." I hustled over to the wagonyard. I wasn't gone over twenty minutes, just long enough to harness my team and hook up. I drove back and backed my rig up to the sidewalk. As I did, a young deputy hustled across the street to see what all the commotion was about. Apparently he was new on the force and didn't know

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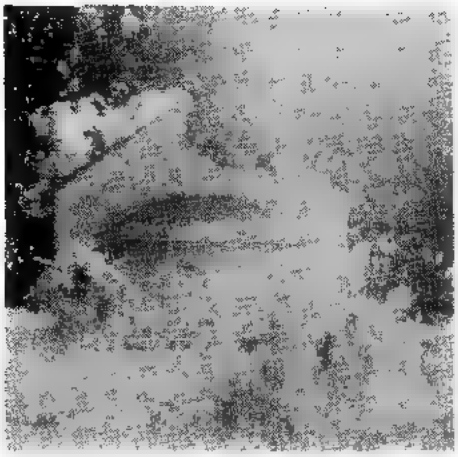


Younger Bend schoolhouse as it appears today.

Belle. He eyed her and the piano. Then he walked around by her side. She ignored him and kept on playing.

The lawman would first look at Belle and then at the crowd which was really getting loud. He was up a stump, didn't know what to do. Finally Belle turned her head and winked at him. "Join the party, Bully Boy," she taunted.

The crowd roared. This brought the young fellow out of his trance. "Who are you? And where did you get that piano?" he demanded.

Belle threw her head back and laughed. Then without breaking her rhythm she reached over and patted him on the cheek. He turned red. His eyes grew wider and wider as they swept Belle from head to foot. It seemed for the first time he noticed the two six-guns strapped about her waist. She stopped playing and stepped back. Putting her hand on her hips and throwing back her shoulders she asked, "What do you think, Bully Boy?"

The crowd roared again. The deputy got redder and redder, even his ears turned red. His mouth opened and closed but no words came out. Finally he stammered, "I demand to know who you are."

Belle spread her feet. "There is one thing you can bet on—I'm not the Virgin Mary!"

The crowd let out another hurrah. This was a great show to see a lawman roasted by a woman, and he was really boiling. "Lady," he snapped, "you better quit trying to fun me. I want to know where you got that piano."

Belle pointed at Perry. "I bought it from that Indian."

The policeman whirled, grabbed Perry by the arm and started shaking him. He wanted someone to take his anger out on. "Where did you get the piano, Indian, and what's it doing on the sidewalk?"

Belle grabbed the lawman's arm. He loosened his hold and turned. The smile was gone from her face, and her black eyes showed the very devil. I had never seen such eyes. "Lay off him! You want to know where he got this piano? Well he bought it in St. Louis." The mocking smile spread across her face again. "And would you believe he was carrying it on his back to the Choctaw Nation? And this is as far as he got? Poor boy just gave out." The crowd let out another roar of laughter.

"Lady, I'm ordering you to get this piano off the sidewalk!"

Belle did a half bow. "So it shall be, Bully Boy." Then she turned to me. "All right, Jetton, let's load it up."

I let the tailgate down and Belle shouted at the crowd. "Come on, men, give us a hand." She patted the deputy's shoulder. "You can pitch in, too, Bully Boy. You look so big and strong." Not knowing what else to do the lawman helped lift the piano into the wagon.

Belle tied her horse to the tailgate and climbed in with her new toy. She waved and shouted to the crowd. "The party is over, boys. I'll see you next trip." Then she turned to me. "Lay the leather to that team, Jetton, and let's get out of here."

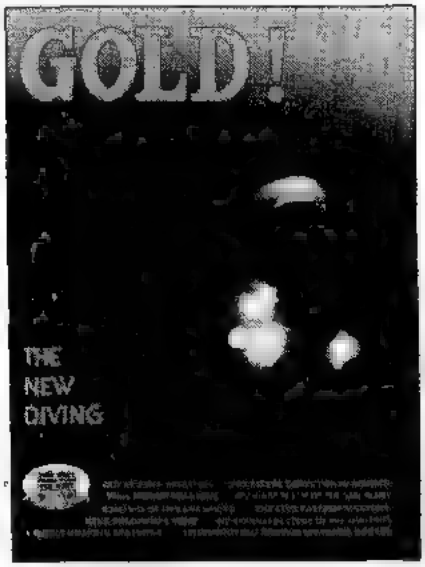
I WHIPPED the team into a fast trot and Belle started pounding out "Dixie" on the piano. Several dogs gave chase as we rattled through town. As we passed by the Federal Building where old Parker held court, Belle threw back her head and let out a yell. Until then I had been enjoying the show. I got scared the U. S. Marshals might take after us, so I whipped the team into a run. I didn't feel safe until we crossed the Poteau River on the west side of town and headed into the Choctaw Nation. We took the old Whiskey Trail, which headed west through Keota, Newman and on to Whitefield.

The route was just about ninety miles from Ft. Smith to Younger Bend. The road was muddy from the spring rains and the going was slow. We were almost four days on the road. After we crossed the river, Belle rode her horse. She rode in the lead part of the time, then would drop back to the rear like a scout. She was always on the alert. Now and then she would ride alongside the wagon and talk. When she did, she just made trifle conversation—about the weather, horses, cattle and the like, never about herself. And I noticed she never asked me any personal questions.

At night we put up at some ranch or homestead along the trail. Belle would sleep inside with the family and I slept in the wagon. She seemed to know and be friends to everyone along the road. At each stop after supper she would bring the family outside and entertain them by playing the piano and singing. She had a beautiful voice and I was surprised at all the religious songs she knew. Most of the families liked these best and joined in the singing.

When we reached Whitefield about noon of the fourth day I began to get nervous. Just a few more miles and we would be crossing the South Canadian and heading into Younger Bend Country. I had never been there. Neither had very many other people. No one prowled around in that country unless they were invited, and that included lawmen.

I was with Belle who ruled the roost, and hauling her piano, but I was still a little skittish. The Canadian was rising.



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We couldn't cross at the ford and had to drive downstream about a mile and use the Brassfield Ferry.

The knots in my stomach really started to tighten when I drove my rig off the ferry onto the north bank of the river. I was new in outlaw country. I'd heard it was a place a man could ride into and never be seen or heard from again. I'll guarantee the place was wild and beautiful. Up ahead to the north was Hi-Early Mountain in full spring bloom. Behind me was the blue Canadian. Between the river and the mountain was a lush meadow.

Belle told me to wait. She rode ahead about half-way across the meadow, pulled up her horse and whistled. She could whistle loud. The sound bounced and echoed off the mountain. Soon a rider came out of the brush at the foot of the mountain. He rode out to her. They talked a few minutes then he whirled his horse and rode back into the brush. She turned and waved for me to come on.

I followed her through the meadow into the mouth of a canyon. The canyon was not very deep, but the walls were steep and studded with big boulders and thick brush. The road at the bottom was steep, but not too rough. It seemed to be well used. I knew that from someplace behind one of those big boulders I was being watched over the sights of a rifle. I could feel it. Later this canyon was named Belle Starr Canyon and is called that today.

AFTER about a quarter of a mile the canyon emptied into a clearing at the east end of Hi-Early Mountain. There were several cabins, corrals, barns and other outbuildings scattered about the clearing. I followed Belle to the biggest cabin. It sat away from the others and had a porch and sideroom. Belle rode up to the cabin and swung from the saddle onto the porch. A tall Indian came out the front door. He and Belle embraced.

Belle turned to me and said, "Back your rig up to the porch."

I squared the wagon up, then stepped onto the porch. "Mr. Jetton," she said "I would like for you to meet my husband, Sam Starr."

Sam stuck out his hand and smiled. "Pleased to meet you." Then he turned back to Belle and asked, "What have we got here?"

She patted him on the cheek. "I bought myself a present, a piano. Tell you about it later. Call some of the boys to help us unload it."

Sam Starr was the most striking man I ever met. He was over six feet, broad shoulders, slim waist, his face like a picture. Even the big .45 he wore seemed to fit.

There were two men squatting in front of a nearby cabin. Sam shouted at them. "Hey, boys, come over here and give us a hift." The two strolled over. Dang, they were tough-looking dudes. Each had a gun on his hip. Neither Belle nor Sam offered to introduce me to the two men. That suited me just fine.

We rolled the piano off the wagon onto the porch. Belle went inside the house and came out with a cloth tape measure. She measured the width of the piano and the door. "Good. It will go through." She then turned to me. "I'll pay you, and you can go on home." Pulling the leather pouch from her pocket she shook out three $20 gold pieces and handed them to me.

I said, "You only owe me fifty."

"You earned the extra ten. Keep it," Belle replied.

I thanked her and climbed into my wagon. Behind me I heard her say, "Sam, you'd better ride to the ferry with Jetton." The knots started tightening again. Was she sending Sam to kill and rob me of the sixty dollars she had paid me? I

Starr's original cabin before more rooms were added. The front room's furnishings were considerably more refined than some of its guests.

Sketch by Mary Pinney of Eufaula, Oklahoma

had heard rumors that this was one of their games, and Sam Starr had the reputation of being a ruthless killer.

I turned and started to try to politely say I could make it myself, but then I eyed those two other dudes and decided my chances with Sam would be better than maybe being bushwhacked by those gents. Then I figured the woods around Younger Bend were probably full of the kind that would kill a man for sixty bucks and a team and wagon. Dang, they looked tough. Maybe Belle was sending Sam to protect me? The thought made me feel better.

There was a saddled horse tied off to the side of the cabin. Sam mounted up and motioned for me to follow. He rode about twenty yards in front, didn't look back or say a word until we reached the ferry. Then he rode alongside and said, "Thanks, Jetton. If you are ever back in this country, stop by."

I just nodded. I was so relieved I couldn't think of anything to say. When I got back across the Canadian to the south bank I felt like kissing the ground. But somehow I just never could believe after that, that Sam Starr was the devil some said he was. It just didn't fit. I saw Belle many times after I hauled the piano, but never saw Sam again. [Thus ended Jetton's story.]

SHORTLY after Belle moved the piano into Younger Bend she hired Charley Williams, a young traveling music teacher, to try to teach her children to play. Williams was our neighbor when I was a boy. He said Belle's daughter Pearl tried hard, but had little talent. Her son Eddie Reed (his father was Jim Reed, the outlaw) cared nothing about music, although he had some talent.

Belle displayed her own musical talent at every opportunity. She played all over the country around Younger Bend and in saloons in Ft. Smith. If there was a piano, organ or guitar around, Belle would entertain. She even played at churches for funerals and weddings.

Williams said she was very talented, better than many professionals. And that her range was wide, varying from hillbilly to classical. She could both read music and play by ear.

Most of the fiddlers in the area knew Belle and welcomed her appearance at a dance. She was always ready to accompany the fiddler on a guitar and play the harmonica while he took a break.

She was playing the guitar at a dance the night her husband Sam Starr and Deputy U. S. Marshal Frank West killed each other in a gunfight. It was Christmas Eve 1886. Aunt Lucy Surrat was giving her annual Christmas dance at her home in Whitefield. The fiddler, A. B. Cole of Briartown, said his guitar picker got too drunk to play and he was glad to see Belle arrive.

Cole told many times how he and Belle were whipping up "Billy In the Lowground" when the gunfight erupted outside. He said Belle ran out to find both Sam and West dying, then turned her attention to Dan Folsom, a youngster who was wounded by a stray bullet.

There is a story that can't be confirmed, but has a ring of truth. After Belle's murder on February 3, 1889, Pearl gave her mother's piano to some friends, a family named Mowery who lived near Briartown. Later the family is supposed to have given the piano to the Younger Bend School.

The school was closed shortly after World War II. It is located on what is now Oklahoma Highway 71, about a mile east of Belle's old home and grave. After the school closed, vandals and souvenir hunters plundered the contents of the old building. Belle's old piano was ripped off, piece at a time. All that remains is just the hull. Even the strings are gone.

Recently my wife Sue and I drove to the wild, lonesome Younger Bend Country to snap some pictures of the old school. To our surprise we found what is left of the piano wedged tight in the back door of the dilapidated old building. Apparently someone tried to carry it through a door which is just too small. It is stuck tight, won't budge, and now is being slowly weathered away.

While at Younger Bend I visited with Mrs. Claude Hamilton who lives across the road from the old school. Mrs. Hamilton, now in her eighties, is a native of the area. Her family has owned Belle's old homestead for years. I asked her if she had heard that the piano wedged in the old schoolhouse door originally belonged to Belle Starr. "Yes," she said. "Too many reliable old-timers have said so for it not to be true."

Belle's tomb is about a mile northeast of the Eufaula Dam built across the Canadian in 1964. Her grave is several hundred feet above the lake level at the east end of Hi-Early Mountain. It is there for anyone to see if they want to stomp their way through the brush and bramble to reach it. The setting is still a primitive wilderness, colorful and little touched by man.

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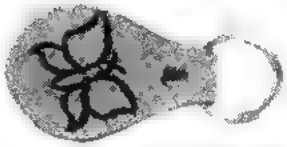

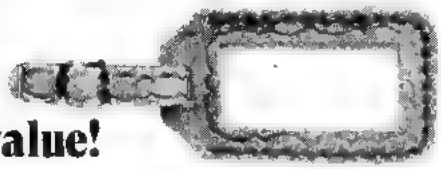

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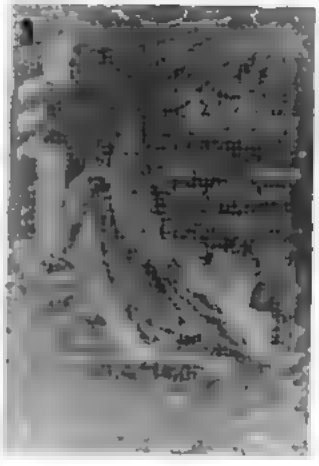
TO OUR LONG-TIME READERS

We're sorry to have to pass the word along that Randy Steffen, who painted the cover for our very first issue of *True West* back in 1953, died January 17, 1977 at his ranch in Erath County (Texas). He was only fifty-nine.

Randy was working hard on a four-volume history of the cavalry (United States) at the time of his death. Soldiers on horseback were his first love, although he wrote numerous articles (reportedly over 1,500) and produced paintings and sculpture covering all phases of Old West history.

Randy's ashes were scattered over the Wichita Wildlife Refuge near Cache, Oklahoma, an area of which he was very fond.



The photos shown here came from an old album found in Pangburn, Arkansas nearly 35 years ago. The following is all the information we have. 1) None. 2) Photo by Reeder. 3) None. 4) Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. 5) Photo by W. Griffin, Hebron, Nebraska. 6) Photo by Schmidt, Fairbury, Nebraska. 7) None. 8) Photo by Rice, De Witt, Nebraska. 9) Photo by Kyle, Colfax, Illinois. 10) Photo by Cones, Farmington and Brimfield. 11) Photo by F. C. Guismer, Western, Nebraska. 12) Photo by Jolly's Photo Gallery, Portage City, Wisconsin.

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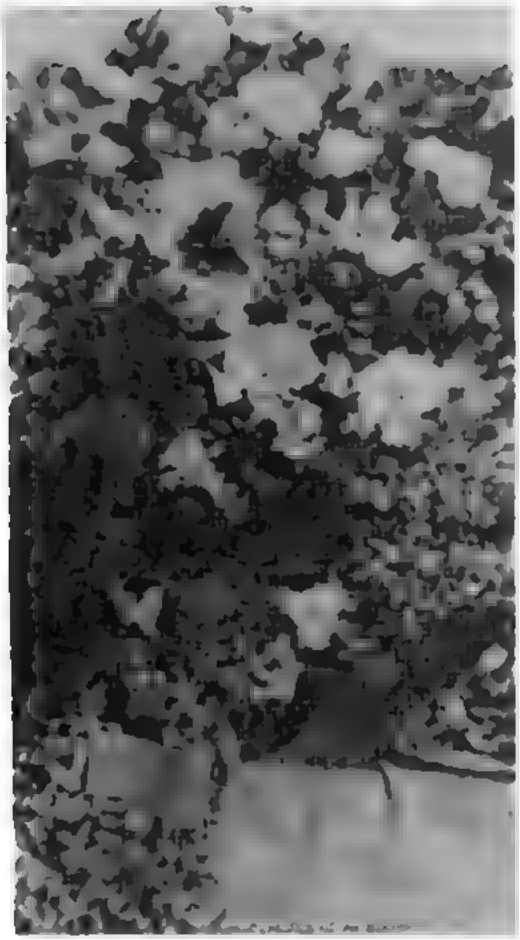

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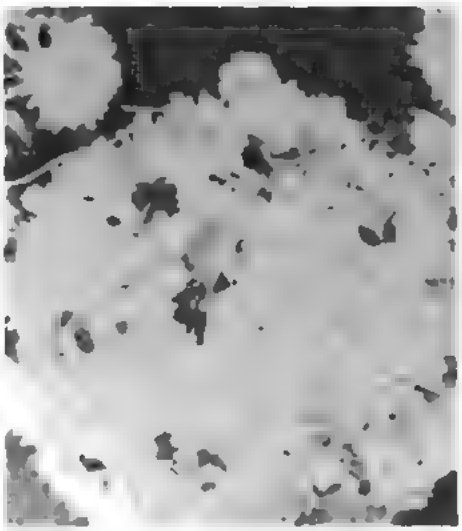

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Salty John Cox

(Continued from page 25)

working devil, and he cooked for the outfit to boot. When we left with a herd Ol' Man Moore stayed at the headquarters. Couldn't leave Mrs. King there alone, so Bronco took over.

HOW DID he get that name? Had it when he went to work for the Diamond A, the Victorio Land and Cattle Company which belonged to William Randolph Hearst. And he had a big ranch in Mexico, too.

Had Bronco done something in Texas? I don't know what he done in Texas. That was his business. Ol' Bob Lewis—he died awhile back— he said he knew the family in Texas. Bronco's father was sheriff in one of them counties. He said Bronco was always a little tough. He'd been at Separ, forty miles west of Deming on the railroad. Said Bronco had a girl over there—Alice Brewer; she was station agent there. She snubbed cowpunchers and was polite to railroad men.

She lived about seventy-five yards from the depot. A bunch of cowboys had camped there, and while Bronco Bill had some wine in him he bet somebody a drink that he could cut a hole in her dress with a bullet. When she started to the depot he started shooting. She gathered up her long skirts and ran. Bronco Bill got a term in the pen for that. But old Henry Holgate, a rancher, got him out after he'd been there six or eight months. Bronco would do anything for devilment.

They had him in jail in Socorro once, for stealing a horse at Mogollon. Another American and a Mex was in jail there and they dug through a brick wall and escaped. Then's when he came to Mexico where I was.

When we got that herd across the Line everybody but me went down to El Paso to celebrate. That was the *costumbre*. I told Bronco not to go downtown, but he did. He went. And Mannie Clements and Ol' George Scarborough, they nabbed him and took him to Socorro for stealing that horse in Mogollon, but he beat that case.

Then he got on the train for Mexico. But he had a girl in Separ—Big Sarah—and Bronco stopped off to see her.

She lived in an old adobe house. When John Phillips and a little fellow called Tex, and Hank Peters tried to arrest him, he came to the door and they started shooting. He did, too, for he had a .45 in his chaps pocket.

Bronco came clear to Mexico and he walked all the way. And he worked for me. The hands, including Coleman, was still in jail. He went to El Paso and they caught him again. Judge Vance tried him for horse stealing. Couldn't prove a thing on him, though. That judge gave him twenty days to get out of the territory. Bronco said to me, "John, they trumped up everything on me. I didn't have no lawyer nor no money. They tried me for everything."

Bronco held up an express train right here in Belen. That was after we broke Coleman and them others out of jail at El Paso—they was really in Juarez. That was a Santa Fe train and Bronco and Kid Johnson held it up. His name was Willie Johnson, but they called him Kid. They got more money than they could carry off.

The engineer (he didn't know that I knew Bronco) was telling me about it. Said he liked Bronco but didn't like Kid Johnson. That was because Kid wanted to kill somebody but Bronco Bill didn't. Bronco had to call the Kid down sometimes. Bronco told the engineer to cut the passenger coaches off from the express car, so the engineer went back and did something, but I'm not a railroader and don't know just what. A second attempt was made before they succeeded; didn't want to, I guess. Then Bronco had him go on up the track.

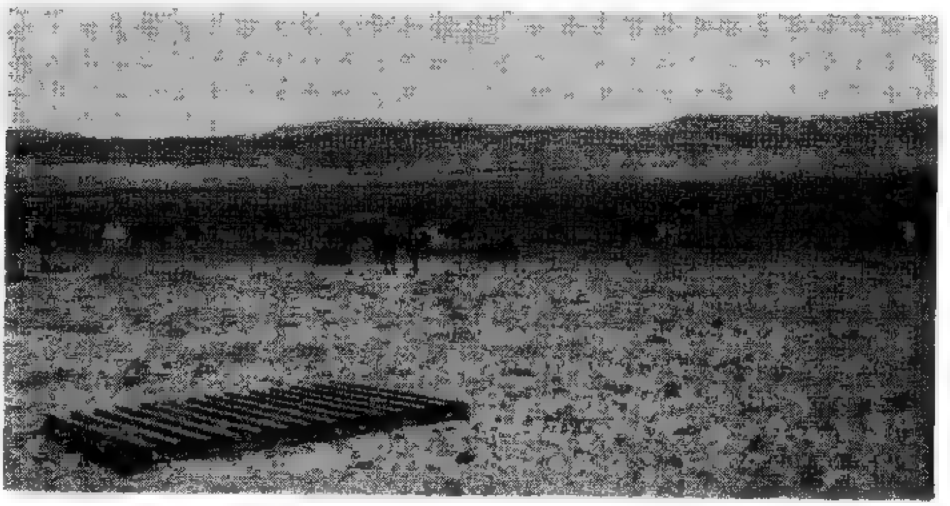
The engineer stopped and asked, "How's this?"

"Oh, hell," said Bronco, "both bar ditches are full of water. We'll get our feet wet here." So the engineer pulled up a-ways to where it was dry.

"Now tell that express man," said Bronco, "to come out. I don't intend to hurt him; all I want is just that money." The express man's name was Charlie, and he came out.

Then Bronco took over: "Now push

Cattle at the old Cox headquarters in Salt Lake, New Mexico.



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that door open," he ordered, and the man did. "Turn up the light." Did that, too, but there wasn't no express man there.

I never did know whether or not Bronco did this out of carelessness, or whether it was bait to see if somebody'd grab for it, but he laid his Winchester on a box of luggage and said, "Let's roll this safe out on the ground." When the engineer started to help with the safe he saw a pie settin' on a box and he cut it and we ate it. Right there the express messenger showed up and said, "You got my pie."

"We never go hungry," said Bill, "and they's a piece left for you." And that Winchester was layin' right there where the man could 'a grabbed it, the engineer said.

After the express man et his pie the four of them rolled that safe out on the ground. Then Bronco said, "You, Engineer, you better pull the coach up 'bout fifty feet; no use ruining the car."

The engineer said that when that charge of powder went off he never saw the likes of so much money. Bronco Bill and Kid Johnson took all the gold and paper they could carry, but there was still a big pile of silver there. Bronco told the engineer to help himself. He did and turned in $750 to the Santa Fe.

THEY came on up to a little Mexican settlement on Alamoso Creek, where they found a barrel of home-made wine. Bill bought it, and took a hammer and knocked the head out. Then he got a dipper and everybody had drinks.

The sheriff was there—his name was Bursum and he was a senator later. He come up and Bill told him, "We robbed the express train at Belen." The sheriff didn't say nothin' so Bronco went on, "And they'll be after us—probably on our trail now. When they come, tell them we went on to Alamo Creek." Bursum went to Magdalena for reinforcements.

Bronco Bill and Kid Johnson met Ray Morley and told him what they'd done. Then they carried the loot out, hid it, and slept all night. They left their Winchesters on their saddles, and when they woke up in the morning they saw some officers between them and their guns. They had their six-shooters, but the Mexicans had Winchesters. So they made a break for the horses, grabbed their rifles and jumped over the creek bank and began shooting.

They killed two police and two Navajo trailers they'd brought along. Johnson got hit and Bronco thought he'd been killed for when he looked around, Kid Johnson was shot through the neck and bleeding like a stuck hog. Bronco couldn't understand how the men higher above the creek could have hit him, with the bank to protect him.

Then down the ditch he saw a Navajo aiming at him. Bronco got in the first shot and by the time he got to the Indian and got him by the hair, he looked around and Kid Johnson was moving. He'd just been creased, but he sure bled a lot. Then the two of them ran the officers off.

Morley told me that the next morning he met Bronco and Kid, and that Johnson was wearing a white shirt and was the bloodiest thing he ever saw.

They were a-foot, of course, and they had to leave, so Bronco told him, "We've got to have some horses."

And Morley said, "So it seems."

"We're a-foot."

Morley nodded and said, "I'm staying down at Old Datil tonight. I don't know who might be there with me when you knock on the door. So you throw down on me for I damn sure don't want anybody thinking I gave you any horses." And Morley rode on.

But before Bronco and Johnson reached Datil they got some mounts at the V Cross.

George Scarborough and Jeff Milton took their trail and killed Kid Johnson. They shot Bronco off his horse and captured him. They brought him back to Socorro and tried him for killing the Mexican deputies and the Navajo trailers. One of my friends heard that trial. The judge was a lunger who had come West for his health, and he was a cold-blooded bugger.

He said, "Mr. Walters (that was the name Bronco was going under then), stand up. Mr. Walters, you belong to an organization from Arizona, and we don't propose for it to get a foothold on the Rio Grande. I sentence you to hang by the neck until dead."

"I'll live to see your grave," replied Bronco Bill, and he did. But he was in the penitentiary about thirteen years. When World War I came along he was paroled on condition that he would go to France as a Red Cross worker, and he did. Lived to come back, though, and went to work for the Diamond A again. Climbed a windmill tower about fifteen feet high, fell and broke his neck. After all he'd been through!

Bat Masterson

(Continued from page 21)

up one day and saw a big Indian coming out of the roof of the little cabin. He watched the Indian untie his horse, mount it, and ride straight to his door.

" 'Someone stole my tools,' the Indian said.

" 'I didn't steal them. I borrowed them to build my cabin. I have them sharpened, greased and stored in my attic for you,' James Masterson replied.

" 'You are a good man to take care of my tools. But you are living on my land. What are you going to do here?' "

Masterson told him that he already had filed on the land as a homesteader and would like to pay the Indian for it.

" 'Well, maybe,' the Indian answered, 'but how much do you have?'

" 'Not much,' said Masterson. 'Look around.' "

By the cabin was a pile of deer skins with a rock on top. The Indian looked them over, selected six of the biggest ones and asked the white man if he had any chewing tobacco. James Masterson produced a plug about a foot long.

The transaction was completed. For six deer skins and a plug of tobacco, Masterson became the official owner of

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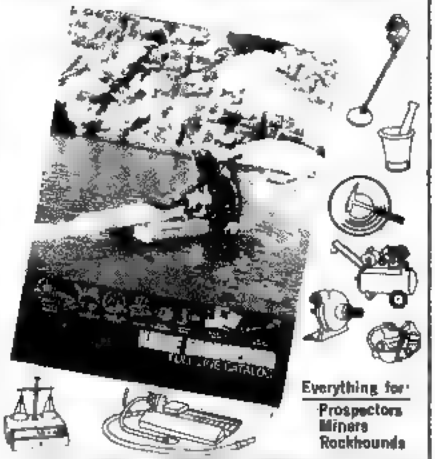

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his 320 acres. The Indian had set the price. They shook on it.

This man, a member of the Yakima tribe, was named Pohosta. He and James became lifelong friends, and other Indians living in the area also were friendly to the Mastersons, their only white neighbors.

That summer the family cleared the land and built a larger log house and barn. They planted fruit trees and berries. An Indian woman brought hop roots over the mountains from Puyallup so that Mrs. Masterson could grow hops to make yeast for her bread. At last, the sweet william and poppies were planted by the doorway.

WITH picks and shovels, James and his two sons dug an irrigation ditch from their property to the Teanaway River four miles away. The project took three years.

In 1883, with a new supply of water, they were able to start raising wheat, hay, timothy, clover, oats and barley—good crops which still abound on the ranch.

Although the hop vines have virtually obscured the crumbling old log house, the barn still stands, one of the oldest buildings in Kittitas County. Within the confines of its carefully notched logs, sixty tons of baled hay have been stored each winter since 1881. Sweet william and poppies still bloom in the summer.

When Harry was in his early twenties, he married Lois Brain, who had crossed the western plains by railroad from Minnesota. Their son Bat was born in the log house June 30, 1896. Bat and his sister, Isabella, went to school in the same one-room schoolhouse where his father learned to read and write.

At his grandfather's knee, Bat heard tales of the early days in the West.

"Grandfather told me how he had been friends with Wyatt Earp. He told me how he used to wrestle with Jesse and Frank James. He was a great admirer of his cousin Bat. He considered him a good and honest man of the law. It was Grandfather who named me."

Young Bat Masterson grew up watching his grandfather and father work together as partners on the ranch. His grandfather died in 1913. After Bat finished high school in Cle Elum, he became a partner with his father, Harry. Together they began buying up pasture and range land as it became available in the valley until they built it up to its present size—2,380 acres which they own and 740 which are leased.

"Grandfather brought the first cattle into the Teanaway Valley in 1884," Bat said. "Later, he and my father bought Shorthorns and Herefords, a herd that they kept for many years.

"In 1914 I wanted to start a herd of Black Angus cattle. We built up a good number of commercial Angus and then in 1920 we bought our first registered Aberdeen Angus.

"In the 1969 *National Aberdeen Angus Journal*, ours was recognized as the oldest herd in the state and one of the best in the nation."

Does he ever compare himself with his famous ancestor who became a legend of the Old West?

"Well," says Bat, "they say I look like him. We are about the same build (six feet tall and 175 pounds) and have the same coloring—blue eyes and a fair complexion."

Other than that, Bat supposes that he may have comparable skill as a marksman, his father having taught him to shoot as a young boy.

"I used to win shooting competitions and turkey shoots when I was young and for many years I have hunted on my own property. The grouse are pretty much gone now but I still get some elk and deer. Usually I use a 30.06 for hunting but I still have one of my father's old Colt .44s, the same type of six-shooter the original Bat used with such skill.

"I guess if I have a philosophy, it would be that honesty and squareness are the most important things in life. I want to always be able to look a man in the eye, whoever he is. I think that's my heritage and I'm proud of it."

In regard to written accounts in which the Bat Masterson of Old West fame is painted as a two-fisted drinker and gambler, his namesake has this to say: "I think the books may be wrong in many respects. In those days, saloons were really just social halls. I don't remember grandfather referring to his cousin as anything but a fine man of the law. If he ran a poker game, I'm sure it was an honest one."

Gold in a Coffee Cup

(Continued from page 27)

Bovee with a large order to be delivered in the mining country before winter set in. His hand-cranked machinery could not turn out such volume and Bovee conceived the idea of setting up a windmill to speed production. Jim Folger helped carry out his idea of gathering sails from abandoned ships to build great sail-like wings.

The windmill, however, was finished just as the summer trade winds ceased blowing, so it stood motionless for two weeks of balmy weather and the contract was lost.

In 1851, about the time a steam engine was purchased for Bovee's coffee and spice business, Jim's older brothers returned from the mining country. Henry booked passage home, but Edward decided to go into the whale-oil business as Cook, Folger & Co. Oil Works, next door to the Pioneer Coffee Mills. The two enterprises shared a downtown office on the waterfront and jointly bought the end-page of the 1851 city directory to advertise.

The word "Java" which appeared on the coffee sacks of the Pioneer Mills may or may not have indicated the source of their coffee. Many of the ships which came into San Francisco in the Gold Rush days were in the East Indies trade, and some of their cargo included sacks of green coffee beans from Java.

Yet, about twenty years earlier, English planters had set out coffee bushes

on the high volcanic slopes and tablelands of Costa Rica, and in the mid-1840s Guatemala decided to profit by Costa Rica's example. The first crops were coming into fruit in 1850. Though the bulk of the crop was sent to Europe, some planters began to take advantage of the nearby Pacific Coast market also.

After working in San Francisco for the better part of a year, Jim Folger felt that it was his turn to go look for gold. He had earned and saved a stake. He arranged with Bovee to carry along not only a pick, shovel, and pan, but a trunk filled with samples of coffee and spices to take orders from "grocery stores." He went from camp to camp, taking individual orders for coffee and panning for gold. He found many miners, but no stores, so he decided to open his own.

Jim Folger spent two years at his store in the mining country. Late in 1853, when a new gold strike was announced, Jim sold his store at a handsome profit and returned to San Francisco before winter set in. Jim Folger was then 18. He went back to Bovee's, this time invested some money in the business, and became its clerk and salesman. In 1855 Bovee dispatched Jim to the mining country again for more orders. This, according to the San Francisco jobbers, was simply not done; they were supposed to handle the sale of goods to outlying regions; their own salesmen traveled through the valleys and mountains taking orders for every kind of supply—sugar, green coffee beans, flour, canned and bottled goods. The jobbers resented Jim Folger's entrance into this trade and declared a boycott on Bovee's coffee. But customers *demanded* Bovee's coffee, so the boycott ended.

IRA MARDEN, an employe at the Pioneer Mills, bought an interest to help finance a new mill building and the firm changed its name to Bovee and Marden. Jim Folger was still devoting all his energy to the marketing end. In 1859 Bovee decided to go back into gold mining. The days of the pan and one-man cradle were gone; Bovee was planning to wash gravel by the ton in a large-scale hydraulic operation. He sold his coffee business to Jim Folger. Marden still retained a small interest, however, so in 1860 the name changed again, to Marden & Folger. Bovee lost $250,000 in the water-washed gravel pits, but later returned to San Francisco and spent the rest of his life as a successful real estate broker.

Jim Folger became, at twenty-four a full partner in a thriving business. He knew about coffee and its blending and roasting. He was also an established promoter of sales but was ready to give up his constant traveling from one hotel to another, to get married. Ellen Laughren of Burlington, Vermont, had arrived in San Francisco in 1858 with her parents, and Jim Folger married her in 1861. Two years later their first son, James A. II, was born. Folger built his permanent home in the new and fashionable district of Oakland.

During the general economic collapse which followed the end of the Civil War, Marden & Folger found themselves overextended. The partners went into bankruptcy. Folger talked to his creditors, and they agreed it would be a good thing to continue running the business; at least they stood a better chance of getting their money this way, as the sale of used coffee roasters and bags wouldn't bring very much at auction.

Folger's first move was to buy out his partner. He gave Marden a note for his share of the business. Then Folger began to roast and grind and sell again. Little by little his creditors and Marden were paid off, although it took just over ten years to do it.

During this period of recovery, the name was changed to J. A. Folger & Company. In 1874 Folger, solvent once more, took various partners in succession into the firm to get capital for expanding. The name of the company was changed to Folger-Schilling in 1878, when young August Schilling bought an interest. He was a partner for four years, and his connection is noteworthy in the light of the fact that nearly fifty years later the non-coffee portion of the business was sold to A. Schilling & Co.

James A. Folger, like most other adventurous men of his time, had boundless energy and drove himself hard. His other interests ranged from civic and club activity to joint ownership in a newspaper. He also made frequent summer trips to Nantucket. On June 25, 1889, Jim Folger suddenly became ill. He died in the early hours of the following morning of coronary occlusion.

James A. Folger's active life in a pioneer land had begun when he was fourteen and ended prematurely at fifty-four. He had, however, built a company which was destined to grow with a growing nation and become known all over the world.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 4)

plus epilogue, bibliographical notes and index. In addition, the reprint includes four maps and three illustrations. This reprint is enhanced by a fine new introduction detailing Cleland's life by Harvey L. Carter of Colorado Springs, Colorado, a long-time professor of history. Highly recommended.

BIG BEND COUNTRY

Anyone who has ever visited the Big Bend Country of Texas or crossed over to Ojinaga and explored the Mexican side will be fascinated with W. D. Smithers' new book *Chronicles of the Big Bend* (Madrona Press, Box 3750, Austin, Tex., 78764, $11.95). Even if you have never witnessed the beauty of the Big Bend area or had the opportunity to camp out in what is today a national park will feel the magic of this small slice of the world in Smithers' book. What makes the book unique is that it's one of the few ever published that captures in both words and pictures the colorful history of the region that was still a frontier a little more than thirty years ago. Smithers, who lives in El Paso, first saw the Big Bend region in 1916. During the years that followed he returned many times,

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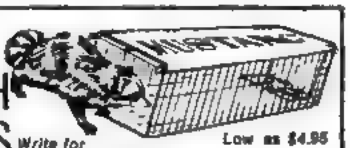

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and in the process observed the changes that took place. There were the troubled years when Pancho Villa, Chico Cano and "Gacho" eluded the U. S. Cavalry and when illegal immigrants and smugglers found the Rio Grande no obstacle. There were the secret message senders or *avisadores* and the Mexican healers—*curanderos*. Smithers witnessed much of the history and the mysteries of the Big Bend. His illustrations are of tremendous value in conveying this story to readers. The book is beautifully produced and undoubtedly will become a standard on 20th century literature of this area. There's a good index. Highly recommended.

RAILROAD HISTORY

"This book is dedicated to the rebuilding of our roadbeds and the replacement of ties and rails so that America's trains, which are its history, will not ride on crystalized metal, rotten wood and uncertain ground." So reads the dedication in *Railroad: Trains and Train People in American Culture* (Random House, New York, $7.95, paper) edited by James Alan McPherson and Miller Williams. The 186-page book contains a collection of stories, poems, photographs and illustrations relating to American railroads. It's more than just another history. The book is divided into eight units, each covering an historic period of American railroading beginning in 1763 and ending with the 1970s. With each unit is what the editors call a "Sidetrack," short articles on such aspects as bridges, signals, depots and languages. McPherson and Williams include such standards as "The Story of Casey Jones," "The Old '97," and "The Wabash Cannonball." Anyone who has ever ridden a train will find this book a delight. Highly recommended.

ORDER WITHOUT LAW

The desire for order without law—the vigilante reaction—is the theme of *Vigilante!* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95) by William E. Burrows. According to Burrows, " . . . vigilantism means an individual or, most often, a group acting in its own best interest (or in what it perceives to be its own best interest) in order to survive, and almost always outside the bounds of the established legal system." This counter-violence tendency has evolved in the United States during the last 200 years. As Burrows explains, "Everyone is capable of going outside the system to protect his own best interest or survival if he thinks such action is necessary." Vigilantism is traced throughout the country.

The West had no monopoly on this social phenomenon, although the extermination of the infamous Plummer Gang and other Montana badmen in the 1860s must stand as a notable example. One can't help but wonder what vigilante actions may develop in the face of rising crime throughout the country. Burrows, a journalist and book writer of note, has produced an interesting history and provocative report for our times.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HISTORY

Letter from North America (Wayne State University Press, $12.95) by John Xanthus, translated by Theodore Schoenman and Helen Benedek Schoenman, was first published in Hungarian in 1857 and followed in 1860 by *Travels in Southern California*. These two books have not previously been translated into English, although Xanthus is recognized as a naturalist of significant stature, furnishing zoological and botanical collections and descriptions from California and Mexico to the Smithsonian Institution. A refugee of the Hungarian Revolution, Xanthus arrived in New York in 1852 with seven dollars in his pocket. For several years he traveled and held many jobs, probably menial in nature. His letters, mostly to his mother, described life and conditions in America, laced by a lively imagination and often by lifting material from other sources. Xanthus' carelessness with the truth was in direct contrast to his meticulous collections and descriptions of natural specimens which he collected while serving in several military positions in boundary surveys and also as U. S. Consul at Manzanillo, Mexico. He had contacts with famous naturalists, including Louis Agassiz. In 1864 Xanthus returned to his native Hungary where he became director of a zoological garden in Budapest. He died in 1894 after successful expeditions to Southeast Asia. His *Letters* provide a colorful view of life on the American frontier.

MORE THAN "BOILING WATER"!

The Homestead Cookbook, edited by Virginia Paul (Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, $6.95) is the latest in a growing number of fine Western cookbooks. This 127 page effort is more than just a cookbook, however. Virginia Paul, who designed and edited the book, has included nearly 100 old-time photographs and illustrations that set a warm mood for the numerous recipes, remedies and old-time reminders.

The book includes recipes for beef, lamb and mutton, fish, game, soups and a variety of condiments including horseradish sauce, flavoring spices and French mustard. There are chapters on breads and cereals, butter, cheese and eggs, sweets (including peanut brittle, chewing taffy and cinnamon drops) plus vegetables, jellies and preserves. There's an interesting chapter called "Sundrying, Fermentation—Pickling, Vinegar." And there's much more. Recommended.

☆ ☆ ☆

Wilderness Wife (Chilton Book Co., 201 King of Prussia Rd., Radnor, Pa., 19089, $7.95) by Bradford and Vena Angier is the story of this couple's return to the British Columbia wilderness after a try at city living. Brad Angier, a former Boston magazine editor, is a prolific writer and his outdoor books are highly popular. Vena is a former ballerina.

Their book is a charming story and guidebook on how to live in the northern wilderness. Food, cooking, keeping warm, seasons and wildlife are some of the subjects. How the Angiers literally thieved a freshly killed cow moose from a pack of wolves in the middle of the night, the

(Continued on page 62)

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Fuller

I would like to find out about my grandmother Elizabeth Fuller Mosley. She and my grandfather James Albert Mosley were born either in North or South Carolina or in Greenville, Alabama. They came to Texas from Greenville in the late 1850s.

Grandmother Elizabeth is buried in the old Bethel Cemetery in Grimes County. She passed away in the early 1860s. Her gravesite has been lost. If anyone knows anything about the Fullers, please write. —Mrs. Lila Brooks, Box 187, North Zulch, Texas 77872

Engstrom-Engman-Ingman

I would like to hear from anyone who has any information about my great-aunt, Hanna Engstrom, who migrated to Butte, Montana around the early 1900s. Hanna had a sister Sofia, a brother Johannes (John) Ingman, who was my grandfather and a brother Karl. I know that John came to America around 1903. John was born on the Island of Ritalot and was known as Ritalot Johannes. I would like to hear from any of Hanna or Karl's descendants.—Betty Chance, Rt. 4, Box 45F, Beaumont, Texas 77705

Harris-Martin-Johnson

During the Civil War, my great-grandfather Jacob Harris, with his wife Mary Jane and their children, came from New York State to Weatherford, Texas in a covered wagon drawn by a team of oxen. He operated a flour mill there. Soon after the war a neighbor lady and her infant child were scalped and murdered by Indians. The woman was brought into the Harris home before she died. This horrifying sight made a profound impression on the family and was a deciding factor in the Harris family leaving the area.

Their children were Edwin, 1850; Alice Jane, 1852; Miles Albert, 1854; Sarah May, 1859; William Frank and Lillie Ellen (twins), 1866; and Leona Dora, 1872. Lillie Ellen stayed in Fort Worth. Her first husband was Bob Martin, and after his death she married Mr. Johnson.

Anyone knowing anything about any member of this family, please write.—Elsie Harris Wylie, 3225 La Hacienda Pl., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87110

Beals-Bates-Clements

D. T. Beals, W. H. Bates, Bates' son F. C. Bates, and his son-in-law Erskin Clements, were all from Boston, Massachusetts.

W. H. Bates and D. T. Beals were wealthy shoe manufacturers who started a ranch in Colorado on the Arkansas River in 1874-75. In 1877 this ranch was moved to the Panhandle of Texas. The ranch house was constructed on Ranch Creek in Potter County on the north side of the Canadian River. In 1880 both Beals and Bates had ranches in the Cherokee Strip on Turkey Creek.

The Panhandle ranch was sold to the American Pastoral Company, Ltd. in 1884. The Bates and Beals families supposedly returned to the baked beans of Boston, never to return to the Panhandle. Yes, their brand was the LX which has found its way into many of Western Publications' magazines. I wish to correspond with anyone who can give information or with any descendants.—Big Jim Vallaster, P. O. Box 941, Fritch, Texas 79036

Dr. Asa Lapham

I am trying to locate any descendants of Dr. Asa Lapham. An 1870 census of Plum Hollow, now Thurman, Scott Township, Fremont County, Iowa shows that he was thirty-six, a physician and born in Michigan. His wife, Elizabeth, was twenty-six, born in Ohio. Their daughter Effie was nine, born in Michigan; and Emma, two years old, born in Iowa.—Mrs. Glenn Lapham, 14212 N Street, Omaha, Nebraska 69137

Rufe Rollins

I would like to hear from any oldtimers who knew Rufe Rollins. He was a champion cowboy and held the world's bronc riding title two different years. He worked in stockyards in Kansas City in the '30s and competed in rodeo and I knew him very well and am writing a book about him. He also lived in Oklahoma and was a friend of Henry Starr.

He had a son, Jack, who must be sixty years old now. His last known address was Miami, Oklahoma. I'd like to hear from anyone knowing either of the Rollins. Don Bell, P. O. Box 61, Byron, Wyoming 82412

Ford-Murphy

My great-grandfather, Napoleon Ford, fought in the Civil War. He rode a white horse to war and back home again. He had a sister Ollie and a brother Henry. I understand they lived in Mississippi and/or Georgia and that the family raised race horses.

His son, my grandfather James Joseph Ford, was in the land rush of Oklahoma and married a half-Cherokee girl, Mary Madora Murphy. Her parents were Captain Murphy and a full-blood Cherokee, Mattie Mae, last name unknown. Her family was from Tennessee and they had been on the Trail of Tears, I was told. Murphy was said to be a sea captain, and I would like to know the time and place of this marriage, their ages, etc.

James Joseph and Mary Madora had three sons. Burk Burnett Ford was born 1880 on the Burk Burnett ranch where Grandfather Ford was a cowboy. Burnett gave my grandfather his best pony for naming my uncle after him. My Aunt Mary Della was born in Texas or Oklahoma in 1886.

My dad, David Forest Ford, called "Shorty" all his life, was born on a creek bed in Indian Territory of Oklahoma in 1887. Joseph Elbert was born in Oklahoma in 1894, I believe. Grandfather Ford died on the way to visit his family after an injury of falling off a horse years before. He died on the way—please help if you know where he was buried.

Mary Madora must be buried some place in Oklahoma as she died when James Joseph was a small boy. My dad and Uncle Burk came to Blythe, California in 1906 and then went back to Texas. They had both married, as had their sister Mary Della, into an Oklahoma family named Hall.

Does anyone know dates and places, or know of my Murphy side of the family? It is for the grandchildren's sake that I need this help and will answer all letters and pay postage.—Zell Ford Matthews, P. O. Box 1622, Oroville, California 95965

Marshall-Wisenhunt

Can anyone help me locate my grandfather's people? Matthew William Holmes, born September 18, 1860 in Madison, Dane County, Wisconsin, had two brothers, Bob and Zelie, and two sisters, Becky and Belle.

Zelie died at about sixteen, cause unknown. Bob drowned at about nineteen in the Red River (in Texas?). Becky, possibly the eldest, married a John Marshall(s) and they had several children. Belle married Joe Wisenhunt. They had three children, Willie, John and Stella.

Grandfather related to his children that the Marshalls lived in Joplin, Missouri around 1874-75. When he was about fourteen years of age he left Wisconsin to visit his sister Becky in Joplin and he never returned to Wisconsin. What happened to his father and mother and who were they?

In 1942 John Wisenhunt, son of Belle and Joe, visited my father, his cousin Nolie Holmes, in Carlsbad, New Mexico. Nothing is known of the Wisenhunts since. At that time they were living at Borger, Texas. John would be in his eighties if still living. I would appreciate and answer all letters.—Mrs. Pearl Holmes Sherrill, 6609 E. Mockingbird Lane, Dallas, Texas 75214

Oliver-Griffith-Logan

My paternal great-grandmother, Mary (Mollie) Harrison Oliver, was born in Anderson County, Kentucky, February

(Continued on page 64)

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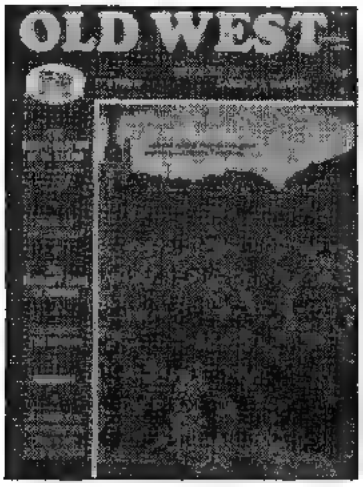

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An Ornery Kid

(Continued from page 54)

needs cleaning and I need you to watch the cows at calving time." But he didn't buy my story, and two days later I took him to his little log cabin.

Arriving there, Rice unlocked the door and began taking inventory of his supplies, which were in rather small supply —a sack of flour, a can of baking powder, a small can of coffee, three cans of sardines, and a small pail of honey. I made a mental note of things I thought he would require.

I didn't go back for three days, but when I arrived with a pie, a piece of bacon, and a dozen eggs, I caught the devil again. Rice insisted he had plenty; in fact, he claimed his supplies would last until spring and as far as he was concerned I could just take my junk home with me. I told him I had carried it up there and I would be damned if I was going to carry it back. I told him our hens laid two eggs each day and the old sow had a litter of sixteen pigs. I told him as far as I was concerned he could feed it to the bluejays and the squirrels, but he'd better come up with a pretty good story about the pie Carrie had sent. I left it on the table.

Coming back three days later, I found the pie tin cleaned and wrapped in paper. I noticed only three eggs remaining, and he seemed glad for my short visit; didn't give me a going over about anything.

This routine continued through the remainder of September, October, and until late November. For reasons that I don't recall, I had failed to check on Rice for seven days. It was Thanksgiving Day and the snow was about knee-high to a horse. The cattle were fed, and Carrie had a big dinner prepared. After we finished eating, she said, "I'm going to fix a basket of dinner and I want you to take it to Rice." I saddled my horse, and taking the basket on my arm I once again went to see my old friend.

I became uneasy as I approached the cabin, as there were no tracks in the snow from the door to the wood pile. There was no smoke coming from the stove pipe, and the silence was so intense you could almost hear it. I knocked loudly on the door and, getting no response, was reluctant about entering, as I thought for sure he had gone to join his old horse, Mexico.

I opened the door and Rice was leaning up in bed on his left elbow. In his right hand he held his old .32 Colt automatic pistol aimed squarely at the door. Again I attributed his silence to his life in his Kentucky hills, and again I used the approach of getting after him, telling him to put that thing away before he shot a hole in the roof. As Rice laid the pistol down, a ghost of a smile crossed his tired old face.

I started a fire in the old stove, put some coffee on to boil, and put the turkey and dressing and sweet potatoes where they would warm. While waiting for the coffee, I got a pan of warm water and helped him freshen up. He told me then that he had fainted a week before, and on recovering had gone to bed and remained there. He was afraid to leave the bed, reasoning that if he fainted again he might freeze to death.

Rice ate sparingly of the dinner I had brought him. I told him I was going back to the ranch and get a team and sled and take him home with me. He refused, making a series of excuses why he couldn't go. I filled his water pail and put the remainder of the dinner on top of the old trunk by his bed. I noticed the .32 pistol and his .30-30 carbine were both lying on the trunk lid within his reach and both fully loaded. As I left, Rice said, "Now boy, the next time you come you holler real loud so I will know who is coming."

NORMAN HANSEN, the youngest son of Chris and Laura Hansen, had returned to our valley after serving four years in the army. He had begun putting the loose ends together to get back in the ranch business. Norman had known Rice since childhood, Rice having worked for the Hansen family during the haying season and other odd times for many years.

Once or twice a week Norman would go to Rice's cabin with me and try to influence him to go to our place or to the hospital, and each time Rice would think up a new reason why he couldn't go.

This routine continued for four weeks, and Rice finally thought of the excuse that it would be too much trouble for us to take him to the hospital. Of course, in his thinking, it was no trouble for me each day to take a basket of food to him for a mile and a-half with the snow about eighteen inches deep and each day becoming colder. Finally we told him flatly that we would be after him the next day. We would break a road in and would be there about one o'clock.

Arriving at the cabin we acted as usual, getting the fire going, making a pot of coffee, and giving him his dinner. When the meal was over and Rice and the cabin were tidied up, we told him it was time to go. And as usual he said, "I can't go today."

I put on my coat and gloves and walked to the door. With my hand on the latch, I said, "Okay. If that is the way you want it, there will be no harm done. The wood will soon be gone and your flour and honey used up, but hell, that won't make any difference; you will look just as natural lying frozen in your bed next April as you do now. The snow will be gone and the frost out of the ground, and we can dig your grave much easier."

Again I saw a faint smile and a twinkle in his eyes. He held tough though until I got the door open before he said, "Now you wait a minute. Maybe I can go today after all."

While Norman and I were getting him ready, he gave us his gold mine. He told us how rich it was, and he wanted us to share it equally. The only hitch to it all was that he never gave us the location or drew us a map. Norman and I still tell people of our rich mine, and they look at us like we are a couple of nuts when we conclude our story—that we don't know where our rich mine is located.

When we arrived at the ranch, Rice

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thought I should take him on to Baker to see a doctor. We got him from the sled and into the ranch pickup, and I took him to see Dr. Roger Biswell. Roger diagnosed his case as malnutrition and possibly cancer, and told me to take him on to the hospital. I had told Roger of his past eating habits and Roger said he had a severe mineral deficiency.

The Sisters and staff of the St. Elizabeth Hospital were kind and sympathetic, and in a short time Rice was lying in a clean bed with a tray of food before him.

It was a week or ten days before I went to see him. He seemed content to just lie in bed and read and smoke. Each time I visited him I would ask him if he had been up, and each time he told me no, saying, "I haven't anything to get up for."

I would tell him, "If you don't get up pretty soon, you won't be able to," and he'd answer, "Why should you care?"

Rice lay in bed for five years. In fact, he never got up from the day he was admitted.

WHEN we had taken him from his cabin he asked me to take his .32 pistol, his .30-30 carbine and a few of his other personal things home with me. The hospital had inquired of me about his financial circumstances. I told them to see to his immediate needs and I would be responsible. However, at the end of the first week when I went to see about him, the Sister in charge of admittance told me that he had signed the necessary papers and had become a ward of Baker County.

During our visit that day, Rice seemed to feel that it was a good arrangement, and I agreed with him. The county not only provided the hospital care but also allowed ten dollars a month spending money, and this ten dollars provided Rice with cigarettes, some magazines, and as he had lived so frugally, he managed to start a small savings that he kept in an envelope in the night stand beside his bed.

Carrie and I visited him at the hospital and at times took a small gift. We always knew he would complain about it. If we took a magazine he would say, "Is this a new magazine," or, "I suppose you have already read it."

The fourth Christmas he was in the hospital we presented him with a surprise package. We bought two new detective magazines, a carton of cigarettes, some bananas, and a box of chocolate-covered cherries. As we took the magazines from the paper sack, Rice looked each one over carefully and remarked, "I don't suppose these are new." I said, "Hell, I don't know but the drugstore just sold them to me!" I took the cigarettes from the sack and he said, "I sure don't need these. I still got one package." I handed him the bananas and for some reason he found no fault with them, but as I handed him the candy and said, "Here is something for your sweet tooth," he answered, "Oh, I suppose it's chocolate."

For four and a half years Rice appeared content. The hospital staff had been kind to him, but then some sort of a feud developed between him and one of the older Sisters. I never knew what the difficulty was, but each time I visited him he would complain about her and tell me she did this or that and he was getting pretty well fed up with her attitude. One day he told me he hated her. As I was leaving, he asked me to bring his .32 pistol the next time I came in.

On my next visit the first thing Rice asked was if I had brought the pistol. I lied and told him I had forgotten it. He said he had a chance to sell it and needed the money. He claimed he had been offered ten dollars for it. Perhaps my suspicions were unfounded, but I was afraid he might have a few shells for the .32 in his pants pocket or in his suitcase. And thinking of the Sister about whom he still complained, I continued to forget the pistol.

As time elapsed, each time I saw Rice he would become more upset because I had not brought the pistol to him. Finally, to make it more simple for both of us, I just quit going to see him.

His time ran out in the month of August. The wild hay that he had helped harvest, for season ofter season, lay fragrant and sweet in the swath and windrows and the harvest moon was full.

As I stood beside Rice's grave, I wondered about his early life that he had kept so secret. I suppose he thought when I stopped my visits that I wanted to keep the .32 pistol for myself. I also suspected that when the angel of the Lord opened the pearly gates, my old friend would say, "Boy, why don't you put a little oil on the hinges?" A sadness came over me as I recalled the years he had lived alone; of how he had entered our valley alone and left it alone; of having no one to notify of his passing. This may have been the way he wanted it, or maybe circumstances had forced him into seclusion. I shall never know.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 37)

There was nothing fancy about pioneer homestead life on the Canadian plains. It was just a mere matter of staying alive. One big advantage of sod buildings was that they were pretty well fireproof against the dreaded prairie fires that so terrified the pioneer women. You just couldn't burn a sod house down.

Most of them are gone now. The soddy that represented home, safety and shelter to the homesteader has gone the way of the plodding ox, the horse and buggy and the winding rutted trails, starting from nowhere and going nowhere.

Some effort has been made to preserve the Sod House Era. At Colby, Kansas are fine replicas of sod buildings. As a matter of fact Colby calls itself the sod house capital of the world. Then again there is a fine book called *Sod Walls*. Apparently, about ninety years ago, a qualified photographer, Solomon Butcher of Nebraska, was seized with the idea that sod houses were a passing phase of pioneer settlement. With meager but professional equipment loaded into a horse-drawn spring wagon, Butcher set out photographing sod houses on the Nebraska plains. The result is a book of

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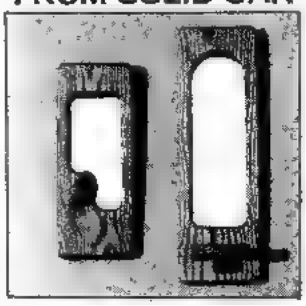

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photographs and stories illustrating the old Nebraska frontier.

Still in our midst is a slim scattering of the men and women who can recall the sod shack era and who, themselves, saw the cavalcade of settlement pass before their eyes. I am one of them. I was born in Canterbury, England in 1890. I came to Saskatchewan and homesteaded in 1908.

For the past twenty-five years I have been Curator of the Western Development Museum at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. It's a wonderful place where Time forgets to "march on"!

STAGING IN THE SIERRAS

By Idah Meacham Strobridge

Written in 1900—An Excerpt

CROSSING the Sierra Nevada today in a Pullman, with all the luxuries of modern travel, I am reminded of a trip I made over the same route back in the '60s.

It had been raining incessantly for days; and San Francisco's gutters were running with water up to the curbs. With the old *Chrysopolis* pitching and rolling in the storm as she churned her way up the Sacramento river, we ate a supper served on dishes that refused to maintain their equilibrium; and later, in our berths, could hear the roaring of the storm all night. The wind was a gale; the rainfall had become a deluge.

Morning found us at Freeport, but there was no abatement of the storm, and the country seemed afloat. A transfer was made to the railroad there—called now, I believe, the Placerville branch of the Southern Pacific.

Through the leaky roofs of the rather primitive coaches the water dripped into the laps of the women, or ran down the necks of the men. Tiny rivulets found their way under the passengers' feet. People stared at each other in gloomy silence; for the rain against the windows made it impossible to see out. Nor did the conditions change during our thirty-mile ride to Latrobe, El Dorado County, at that time the terminus of the railroad.

Here, three six-horse stages and a fast freight wagon evolved themselves out of the general dampness, and passengers and luggage were transferred to them through mud and slush knee deep. Once seated within—every place was filled—fingers outside fastened us in, buttoning close the leather curtains; and with hat brims turned down, and coat collars turned up, passengers sat in semi-darkness listening to the pelting of the storm. Rain overhead; mud underfoot. It seemed as if the whole bottom had fallen out of heaven's reservoir.

The stages lurched, and rocked, and rolled their way up toward the mountains. Everything was too depressing to permit such exchanging of jokes as generally comes to those who are shut up together in a coach on a long journey.

Placerville reached, we were told that there had not been a day without storms for three weeks, and not a moment's respite from the continual downpour for four days.

The station platform of the bustling little town where the stages drew up was covered with mud-splattered men in oil-skins, weeping oceans of rainwatery tears as their owners moved our way to peer into the stages and stare at the woman who, with her little daughter, was tempting providence in crossing the mountains in a midwinter storm.

Afternoon found the stages encountering less mud, the road leading up among the pine trees and granite boulders of the higher altitudes. Climbing the grade at Slippery Ford, where the road reached up over a smooth granite floor, the horses would not have had footing if the stage company had not macadamized the so-called "ford." The rain turned to sleet, and that turned to snow. On to Strawberry Valley, where supper, comfortable beds, and a breakfast eaten by candlelight were followed by seats in sleighs replacing the stages.

THE DRIVER of one of the sleighs—which were simply coaches on runners—was the historic Hank. Hank Monk, with his characteristic drawling speech; his slow, awkward movements, and clumsy way of reaching for the whip, of gathering up the reins. But, oh! the magic of his touch! Instinctively, the horses seemed to know that it was a master hand that guided them; and they leaped forward into the snowy road at the message Hank sent them down the telegraph line of leathers.

Fresh horses every twelve miles; and every horse "driven for all he was worth." The passengers with the sharp air stinging their ears, flakes whirling into their faces, awoke to the delightful exhilaration of a sleigh-ride over the heights amidst the finest mountain scenery, with the prince of reinsmen holding the ribbons.

No one could remain under mental depression hearing him encourage his team with his quaint (and sometimes profane) language.

"Git out o' here, ye skunk! What's the matter with ye, ye old devil? Ain't ye never goin' to straighten yer traces? Go it! ye danged old rat, go it! I say; I'm here behind ye. Git up! G'lang there 'fore I snake the hide off'n ye! Whoop lo, Charley! You Baldy, git inter yer collar! Git up! G'lang!"

Such were the ejaculations we heard to the accompaniment of the sleigh-bells. The voice from the interior of the bundle of furs on the box was never silent a moment.

Stories of Hank Monk's driving have grown threadbare; but anyone who has ever sat beside him as he guided his horses with that unerring precision which must have been a gift of the gods, can never recall the experience without a thrill of delight tingling through the veins and a wild longing to enjoy the sensation once more; wishing that the stage-coaching days were not forever gone, and that poor old Hank were not dead and under the sod.

Before us was the mountain, an illimitable mass of downy snow. Snow everywhere; underfoot, overhead. The pines and firs and tamaracks were so heavily laden that the branches bent downward

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until the tips were buried in the snow on the ground. Where the snowfall of a few days before had half thawed and then frozen, it had encased the spines and leaves of every tree on the mountain in a glittering crystalline network of indescribable loveliness; and all the while, soft, new flakes were falling and weighing down the branches more and more, till, grown into great unwieldy masses, they would suddenly tumble off, and the boughs spring up again, bare and green, to their wonted places. Telegraph wires hung heavy, and were so coated with the frozen particles that—large as a ship's cable—they sagged from the poles; the buried poles themselves looking like great daggers driven hilt deep into the bosom of the virgin snow.

The sleighs dashed through half a mile of fog—a great fog bank that but made the cloudland scene the lovelier; for while a fog from the sea seems always to hide something that is dark and unlovely, a mountain fog, in winter, suggests a world of white radiant objects. And so, on through that enchanted fairyland, walled by the clouds and the snow, over the summit, past dark Tahoe, past the pines and the tamaracks and firs, on and on we dashed; and down the other slope of the mountain into Carson Valley.

THE OTHER STAGES had gained upon us and passed us twice, only to be repassed in turn by Hank's team, which he was putting to the test of speed.

Finally we found ourselves racing in earnest. Down the eastern slope of the Sierras we dashed; the fresh, mettlesome horses springing ahead under the lash of the driver, as in and out of ravines and cañons, swinging around sharp curves, tearing along the edge of more than one precipice, where the slightest miscalculation would have hurled us hundreds of feet below—down we raced where every turn must be estimated to a nicety—the snow struck back from the horses' beating hoofs pelting us like snowballs, and the sharp wind cutting us in the face.

Horses had been changed since the race began. The last time we passed the other two sleighs, Monk had greeted them with a jeer of derision, ending with a wild hurrah, as his six big horses jumped their length each time they threw their feet forward; gaining—steadily gaining—at every spring. Still he was urging them on. We began to feel anxious; this was entirely too exhilarating; and we remonstrated. He only redoubled his yelling; and the lash of his long whip, circling in the air, sent forth a series of shots like a Chinese New Year celebration.

The pace was terrific for a mountain road. We were going like the wind when, all of a sudden horses, sleigh, passengers, driver and all were hurled in an inextricable mass into the soft snow at the upper side of the grade. Hank had himself disappeared—all but his boots—in the snow bank where he shot head-first. They pulled him out, none the worse for his tumble. He was a bit dazed for a minute; but he had never loosened his grip on the reins. It took some time to straighten out the tangle; and then we found that the tongue of the sleigh was snapped off close to the body of the vehicle. Before Hank had got it spliced with odd pieces of rope brought from nobody knew where, along came the other sleighs exulting.

The tongue mended—"with a hinge in the middle so as it'd work better; so as to turn sharp corners easy," said Hank—away we went, and Hank Monk deaf to all entreaties to "go slow." Faster than ever; the horses now fairly flew over the snow, the "hinge" working beautifully, yet sometimes swinging the sleigh from side to side and perilously near the outer edge of the road.

The speed was the speed of a comet, we thought, as he whipped and shouted, and swore his six living whirlwinds into a pace that was making them winners all. Race them he would, and did; and in spite of the mishap and broken tongue he beat his rivals into the valley where the sleigh was put aside and we were again transferred to stages that now took us through Carson City and Gold Hill to Virginia, the Mecca of all travelers back in the early '60s.

In this year of grace we make the trip in a few hours when it once took days. We gain in time; but after all are we really the gainers?

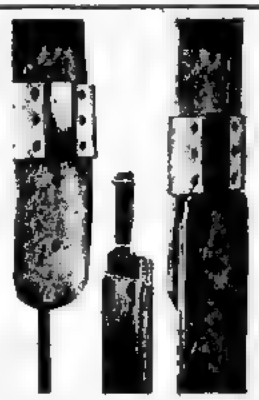
HALLEY'S COMET, 1835

WHEN Halley's Comet appeared in 1910, an enterprising reporter visited the Omaha Indian reservation to interview Turning Hawk, the oldest living Omaha tribal member, who believed he was 115 years old. Turning Hawk was a willing interviewee, and his account of the comet, found in the newspaper library of the Nebraska State Historical Society, was published in the *Lincoln State Journal*, of May 7, 1910:

"It is the same old star and the same old tail. I saw it seventy-five years ago [1835] when a young man, but it has changed. At that time its tail was much longer and brighter and spread out until it covered the night sky. It came in late summer when the corn was ripe and kept coming until the snow fell in winter. Summer nights when we were sitting around the camp fire, after returning from the chase, this star would throw off showers of sparks and flames of fire until the heavens would be as light as day. Of course we were afraid, for our medicine men could not tell us what was the cause of this one star taking on a long tail and dropping fire, when all the others were moving along in the regular way.

"Late in the fall of the year the tail of the star broke up and scattered itself over the country. It had been a warm day and soon after the sun went down the air became filled with fire. In all directions the stars were falling and this continued until morning. For three nights the same thing happened and we believed the Great Spirit was angry at his people and was going to burn them to death. The medicine man of the tribe used all of his charms and after three days, drove the star away and it has never shown its face until now.

"Now we learn from the white man that this star with a tail comes once every seventy-five years, but it means trouble.



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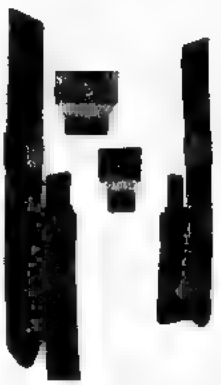

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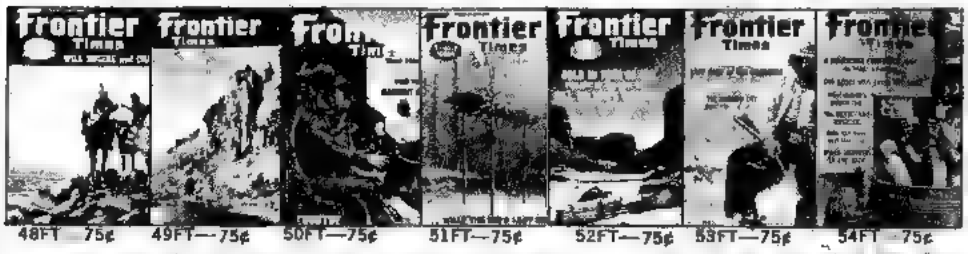

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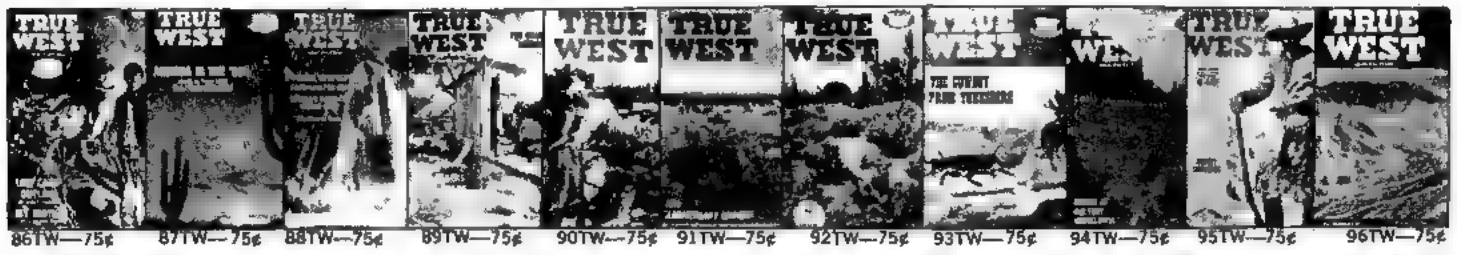

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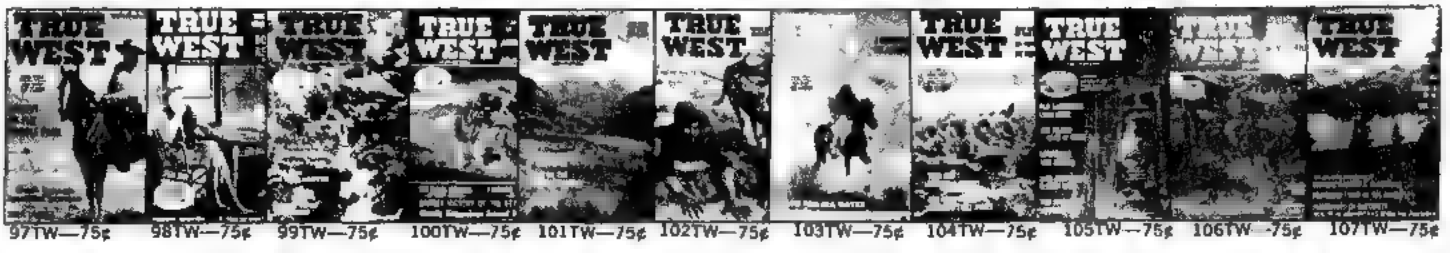

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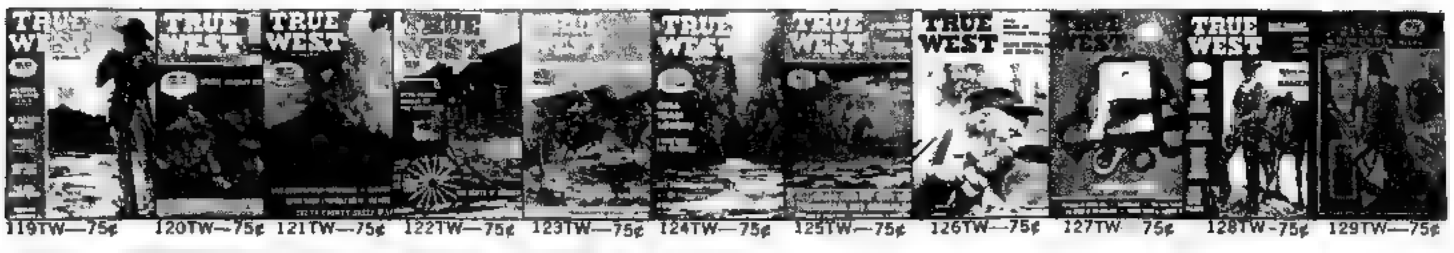

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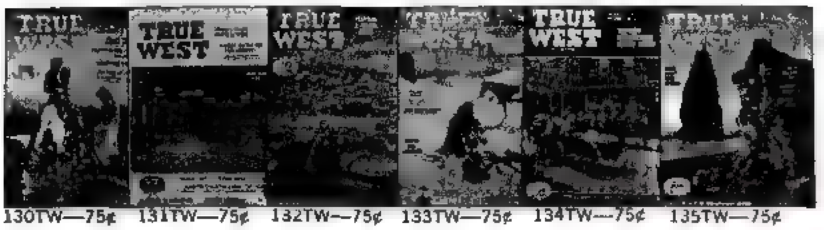

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Old West issues on next page →

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The Indian knows this, but the white man, with all of his books and his schools, does not.

"When the star with the tail was here before, it meant the next year was a bad one for the Indians. They planted their corn that spring, but it did not grow. Dry weather, without any rains came the same as this year and the ground was covered with snow in the middle of the summer. The grass dried up and fires passed over the prairie in the summer. The buffalo and the deer and the horses starved and died. The rivers dried up and the leaves fell from the trees.

"The Indians had been very bad and they had displeased the Great Spirit. The same has happened now and this time the white men will have to suffer along with the Indians. We hear that far away in the east where the rich men live, they have been cheating and robbing the people and we know that their children have been cheating the Indians and trying to steal their land from them. We know now, too, that this star with a tail is sent by the Great Spirit to punish the guilty people, but like the other one, it will punish the ones who have not committed a sin. It will not kill the people and destroy the earth, but it will bring to all the lesson that they must be good if they want to have the friendship of the power that makes the sun shine during the day and the stars at night.

"It is good to have the Great Spirit send these messengers at times. If He did not, the people would become too rich and too wicked; they would soon be so powerful that they would destroy the poor people and the Indian.

"A year ago it was plain to be seen that something was going to happen. White men came among us and told us that we could vote. We believed them and some of us voted. Right after that these same men commenced to steal the land of the Indians who had voted. The Indian can no longer take care of himself and I do not believe the star with the tail is going to burn up the earth. I do think it will destroy all of the white men who wronged the Indian and has taken his property from him."

Halley's Comet is scheduled through some cosmic mathematical equation to appear again in 1985.—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

and leafing through there on page 27 was Booger Red. This brought back memories of when I was a boy—before I started school. I went along with my father to Brady, Texas. A small number of men were talking, and the name Booger was mentioned. Well, a booger was something to scare a small boy like me. Going back home I asked my father, "What kind of a booger were you all talking about?" Thinking a bit, he answered, "That was Booger Red, a cowboy who could ride any animal that had hair on its hide."

I also saw his son who rode a bull

named Whirling Tom at Gonzales, Texas later on. The bull got that name because he whirled around when he was being ridden.—Ervin W. Korff, P. O. Box 145, Woodsboro, Texas 78393

☆ ☆ ☆

I read with considerable interest the reprint of the story about Tom Privett, alias Booger Red. I knew him. It was not a conversational acquaintance, because I was very young at the time. I knew some of his wife's family better than I knew him. His wife's maiden name was Teal and evidently for one reason or another Booger had remarried at the time the story was written. The Teals were hard-working farm people who moved to Coleman County, Texas shortly before the turn of the century. Presumably Booger and his wife came with them.

His wife's brother broke horses for us one year and he was not very good at it. If he aspired to reach the heights of his brother-in-law, he had a long way to go. He had to hobble his stirrups, which would appear ridiculous to any legitimate and bonafide bronc twister.

Booger might have announced one time when he boarded an outlaw horse that the horse had a booger on his back, but he acquired his nick-name long before he got into show business. When he was a baby—not old enough to walk— he crawled into an open hearth of a fireplace. A burning log rolled down on him and he was horribly burned before his mother could rescue him. The accident left deep and ugly scars on his face and for a long time they thought he was totally blind. He recovered his sight, but in the healing process, his features were transfigured in a way that almost closed his eyes.

The first I ever heard of him he was breaking horses for Colonel Overall who had a ranch a few miles south of Coleman on Home Creek. I have forgotten the Colonel's initials. He ran a thousand or twelve hundred cattle and seventy-five or a hundred horses.

The last time I ever saw Booger, he came through Coleman with what might be rated as a "one horse" Wild West show. He gave the exhibition in the city park. He advertised that he could ride any outlaw horse that anybody cared to bring in. If he said he would pay a hundred dollars if he couldn't ride the horse, I never heard of it. He also said that his boy would ride any horse under a certain height. We had a horse that would meet the specifications. He must have been a throwback from his wild mustang antecedents because he was the meanest piece of horseflesh ever wrapped up in that much hide. He would bite, kick and strike with his front feet. We called him Harry Tracy because of that notorious outlaw who ran wild in Washington State until they killed him. That horse threw me off any time he got ready until my dad made me stop trying to ride him.

Booger Red's boy must have been around twelve years old, and three years younger than I was. He later became known as Booger Red, Jr. and I heard that he became quite a bronc rider himself. I wanted to take Harry Tracy in for the boy to have a lick at, but my dad wouldn't let me. He said he didn't want to be responsible for some kid getting his neck broke.

Booger was a grandstander, but there is no doubt that he was a fine rider.—Walter Gann, 1285 E. Washington, #111, El Cajon, California 92020

From a "Timber Feller"

Have enjoyed your magazines so much that as long as I have left I will continue to subscribe to them. I hope I have a few good years left yet because I sure as hell don't want to miss anything. When I read your piece on page 3 of the December issue, I did have a gripe that at the time was a corker. I would let you in on it but by the time I got through reading the magazine I plumb forgot what my gripe was!

I am not or never have been a cowboy or even a rider. In fact, I'm sorry to say that a horse is one of the few things I'm afraid of. My wife loves horses and rode them on the ranch her dad had in Montana when she was a young girl. I have been a timber feller and have worked all my life in the big timber and enjoyed most of it. I got hurt and, finally, between that and my age had to give it up.

As one gets older it seems we just don't have much cash to toss around, so hold the rates down as long as you can. There were times when I could enjoy a good bender once in a while but now I neither can afford it nor desire it.—Eugene O. Cram, 52531 Lost Ponderosa Road, La Pine, Oregon 97739

WP Got a Valentine!

We so hated to let our subscription expire. *Frontier Times* and *True West* have been so dear to us these past few years. But my husband does speak the truth when he says good products go up in price two or more times a year but his pay check doesn't. He works on a ranch and would not be happy doing anything else, so we make do. Believe me, every chance I get I will finagle some way to buy your two magazines.

I want to mention something funny. Not funny "ha ha" but funny "good." The last time we were at a supermarket in Yreka, my husband as per usual spotted a friend. Now sometimes that can turn into a lengthy chat so I walked over to the book display to browse a bit. Naturally all the raunchy magazines had the best seats in the house. On the second shelf, back row, I found a February *True West*. I'm not a very good guesser but I would say there were about twenty-four of them—twelve to a bunch. I dug out one, turned around to my husband and hollered, "Hey, Rocky, here's that copy of *True West* everyone said not to miss."

I turned back around and started leafing through it and almost instantly I heard people coming up behind me. People are so nosey, right? Bless 'em. Well anyhow I "sold" eight copies of February *True West* and felt so good about it. Suppose I can do that again? You can bet your sweet life I'm gonna try. Do take care—we love you.—Mr. and Mrs. M. J.

SANTA ANNA'S PEAK

By Leona Bruce

The author was born in the shadow of Santa Anna's Peak, in central West Texas. Now five books deep in the history of this area, she is an authority on her subject. The Santa Anna Mountains, a landmark since the days of Coronado and Mendoza, are twin mesas, visible fifty miles to the north and south, which form the hub for a colorful section of the state. The old Military Road passed three miles to the east and counted among its travelers such famous soldiers as Robert E. Lee, Ranald Mackenzie, William T. Sherman, Albert Sidney Johnston, Earl Van Dorn and Rip Ford. They camped at its base and perhaps scanned the one hundred-mile view from their summits. Santa Anna's Peak provided a lookout for the Comanche, the Kiowa, and the surveyor, and was marked on Texas maps as early as 1821. The mountains were named for the Comanche chief who claimed them as his own. This book is an accurate and fascinating tale which sheds new light on a frontier area that was too dangerous to settle but too beautiful to forget—so the white men kept coming.

Leona Bruce now owns most of the west mountain, the larger of the two. From the front windows of her home, Cow Gap and Salt Gap can be seen forty and fifty miles away

The author is president of the Edwards Plateau Historical Association, a member of the Texas Historical Association and the West Texas Historical Association, and chairman of the Coleman County Historical Commission. Her previous books include *Trickham, Texas (1966), Banister Was There (1968)* $7.00; *They Came In Peace (1970)* $7.00; and *First Lady On Home Creek (1973)* $7.00.

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Dan Patch Watch

I saw a letter, "More about Dan Patch," in the December 1976 issue which caught my attention. I have a pocket watch engraved with a head of Dan Patch and his time of 1:55 for the mile. It's a B & B Royal gold case, 20-year guarantee, with a Howard works made in Boston, Massachusetts. It has seventeen jewels.

The watch came to me from my great-grandfather, Decatur (Kate) Driscoll, who won it for selling Dan Patch horse feed when it was popular. I also have a photo of Dan Patch on a postcard.

I was wondering if any readers have a watch like this or any other information about it such as value, number of them made, etc. I will answer any letters I get about it as it looks like a long winter.—Richard T. Byers, 240 East Lincoln, Waterman, Illinois 60556

Iowa Gold

Nothing like the word "gold" to quicken the pulse and imagination. Radio, TV and several Iowa newspapers are carrying stories since the December '76 *True West* had my Iowa gold rush story on page 34. This morning the Worthington, Minnesota paper called, having seen the story in *True West*. Your magazine stirred things up!—Don Buchan

The Old West of Pennsylvania

I retired last August and since we are having so much winter I've been going back through your magazines that I have accumulated for twenty-five years. I didn't get started as soon as I should but I have most of *True West*, all of *Frontier Times*, *Old West*, and *Hunter's Frontier Times*. The November 1966 issue of *Frontier Times* has an article, "Early Cattle Trails" by H. S. Drago featuring trail driving in the East.

The first murder in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania had to do with a drover being murdered. I guess the devil gets into most any man if he gets to boozing. This happened about fifteen miles from where I live. I have driven down Anderson Creek many times.

Prior to 1822 Clearfield County was attached to Centre County for judicial purposes and the courts were held in Bellefonte. The trial judge at the time James Monks was tried was the Hon. Charles Huston. Francis Rawle and Moses Boggs were associate judges. The murder was committed in November 1817. Monks was tried in 1818 and hanged at Bellefonte in 1819. Monks was a bad actor. He had been hunting for game and at night lodged at a tavern in Bloom township, which tavern stood, so we are informed, where the election house now stands on the old pike. The night before the shooting Monks had been gambling and drinking; had lost about all of his money and was in a bad frame of mind. He left the hotel in the afternoon and started home coming in the direction of Curwensville on the pike. Reuben Giles, his victim, was from an eastern county and a drover carrying considerable money. Giles was going west, ascending Anderson Creek Hill and met Monks at a point near where the road leads into the Johnston Holden farm and which for years was marked by a stone tablet, now removed.

Monks wrote a poetic confession in the Bellefonte jail prior to his execution. He was hanged two years later in an open field near Bellefonte and it is said his execution was witnessed by more than 4,000 people.

He admitted that he had shot Reuben Giles whom he had never seen before. He had been hunting on Stump Creek and stopped on his way home to drink and gamble at a tavern on Anderson Creek Hill. He thought he had been cheated and left in an angry mood.

When he met Giles on the road he decided to kill him for his money. He shot Giles with a rifle, then finished him off with a tomahawk and stripped him of his clothes.

Monks took his saddlebags, watch and money, then covered the body with leaves. Giles' hat was thrown away and his bloody shirt was hidden in a hollow tree. Later a dog discovered it and the garment became a valuable piece of evidence.

Monks was apprehended and sentenced. As part of his confession he exonerated Andrew Allison who had come under suspicion, and took full blame for the crime.

I suppose this is a Pennsylvania version of the Old West.—Kenneth Evans, R. D., Morrisdale, Pennsylvania 16858

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 52)

butchering, storing of the meat, and cooking moose liver and scrambled eggs for breakfast, is vividly told by Vena. This book is highly entertaining and would probably be a good bet to take along if you plan to winter somewhere in the Far North.

☆ ☆ ☆

If you've had a yearning to get away from the heavily traveled highways, *Vacationing With Saddle & Packhorse* by W. K. "Bill" Merrill is must reading (Arco Publishing Co., 219 Park Avenue South, New York, $8.95). The book's 302 pages are crammed full of practical advice for, as the publisher notes, "every kind of holiday on horseback."

Of value to the seasoned trail rider and the novice alike, Merrill's book includes chapters on planning a vacation on horseback, what equipment is needed, cooking, selecting a saddle or packhorse, care of animals, first aid and numerous other related subjects. There's even a chapter on burro handling with the suggestion that the beginner start with a "walking and burro safari."

The book has fifteen chapters plus bibliography. And the appendix includes the addresses of where to write for information on National Forests, Parks, Monuments and Recreation Areas plus dealers and outfitters and firms selling emergency rations and dehydrated foods. The index is helpful. And the book is small enough to fit into the coat pocket once you climb atop your horse. Recommended.

SNAKE OIL

Step Right Up by Brooks McNamara (Doubleday, $12.95) is the history of the American Medicine Show in words and illustrations. First describing how its roots were in the Renaissance period in Europe, McNamara traces its history up to the 20th century through the early 1950s and the Hadacol Caravans. It's a well written book that paints a vivid picture of the pitchmen, showmen and the different shows that were presented just before the pitch began. And McNamara examines the products that were sold. Wizard Oil and the countless products produced under the Kickapoo Indian label are detailed, including cough cures, blood liver renovator, salve and Indian Sagwa (it's supposed to cure constipation, liver problems, dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite, scrofula, rheumatism,

(Continued on page 64)

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 62)

chills, fever or ANY DISEASE, according to the producer's claims).

McNamara explains how other pitchmen immitated the successful Kickapoo idea (associating the Indian with quack cures) and how snake oil (with any in it but that of a snake) became popular. The book not only contains a wealth of facts on early medicine shows but the nearly 200 illustrations complement the text and are worth the price of the book alone. There's a good bibliography plus index and four appendices detailing the patter actually used by pitchmen in warming up their audiences. A fifth appendix is a glossary of pitchmen's terms. Writers of Old West fiction should find this effort of much value as a source on Medicine Shows. Almost anyone with a library of books on the American West will want to add *Step Right Up* to his book shelf.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 53)

15, 1853. My maternal great-grandfather, Abraham Lincoln Griffith, was born in March 1864, birthplace unknown.

Mary Oliver was married to my great-grandfather, James Franklin Logan, by Squire Hart in Knoxville, Iowa on December 24, 1876. Mary died on August 28, 1896, age forty-three, at Mingo, Kansas. She is buried in Mingo Cemetery beside her husband James who died February 7, 1926. They were the parents of Francis Marion Logan, born in Smith Center, Kansas, August 12, 1887.

Abraham Lincoln Griffith married Ora Jane Beals February 26, 1888. She was a daughter of Jobe Scott and Mary Mills Beals. Ora Jane was born on June 11, 1869. Abraham Lincoln Griffith died November 1, 1915, age fifty-one years, eight months; place name not available. Ora Jane died February 26, 1929.

They were parents of Merle (Meg) Evelynne Griffith Logan, born September 7, 1894 in Coin, now College Springs, Iowa. She died October 23, 1962 in Midway City, California. I would like information on any of these families.—Mrs. E. M. Ritter, 56 Calle El Avion, Camarillo, California 93010

Simmons

My maternal grandfather, George Washington Simmons, was born 1857 in Virginia. His father, Abija Simmons, a German Jew, married an Irish girl, red-headed, named Branion, a refugee from the great potato famine of 1850. Abija was born in 1812. He left Virginia in 1856 before the war with a covered wagon and eventually arrived at what is now known as Norton, Kansas. At that time there were few white families there, mostly Indians. My mother tells me Jesse James was a neighbor for a while and Abija and George traded horses with Jesse and his brother. After the war the Yankees were after George's scalp.

George went back to Indiana and married my grandmother, Loressa Howard, who claimed descent from Lord Howard, father of Catherine, the wife of King Henry VIII of England. Loressa lived to be ninety-nine and died in 1967.

Is there anyone in Norton, Kansas who has any recollections of Abija and George W.? I would appreciate any information. —Jack Laredo von Kripe, c/o Williams, 49 E. 2nd Street, Hialeah, Florida 33010

John Maupin-William S. Bussell

John Maupin was my husband's grandfather. He left three children, Annie, Nannie, and Thomas Wesley, with his wife's parents in Kentucky after his wife's death sometime around 1900. Thomas Wesley was working for C. C. McClain in Weakley County, Tennessee when he married Olo McClain in 1913.

Can anyone help me trace John Maupin? It is said he moved to Missouri and reared another family—where, when and who his wives were is unknown.

Any information on William S. Bussell will also be appreciated. He was born in the early 1800s, date and place unknown.— Mary B. Maupin, 854 E. Windsor, Phoenix, Arizona 85006

Wilson

Benjamin F. and Francis Russell Wilson, brothers, wrote a letter from Dodge City, Kansas to their parents, the Eligah M. Wilsons of Moline, Kansas, saying they had been cheated on a cattle deal and were going after the crooks. This was the last any of the family heard from them. Benjamin F. was born September 28, 1851 and Francis Russell on August 27, 1855. I would like to hear from any descendants of my great-uncles. —Lila D. Hixon, 3616 N.W. 14, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73107

Bentley-Bently-Purvis

Travis and Uriah W. Bentley (Bently), brothers, went to California during the gold rush. They never married. Travis died in Arizona about January 1892. He might have lived in Modesto and Forest Hill, California and in Prescott, Arizona.

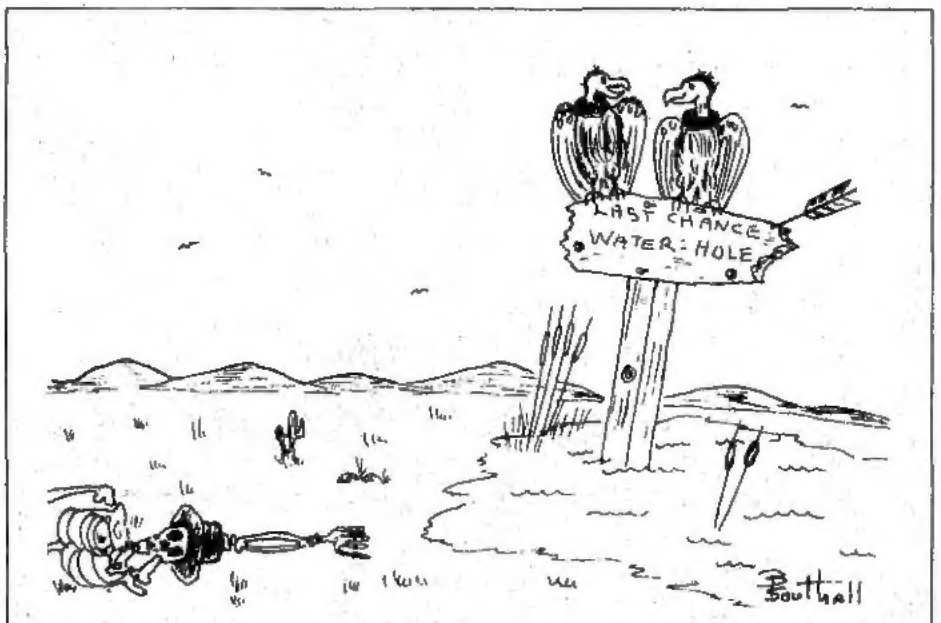
Richard and Yelverton Purvis, brothers, also joined the gold rush. At times they were probably associates or had knowledge of the Bentley brothers. Their parents were Strother Nicholas Purvis and Elizabeth Stearn (Stern) who came to Missouri about 1835 from Caroline County, Virginia. The Purvis brothers probably married and had families.

I would like to exchange data with any descendants or anyone else having any knowledge of any of these people.—R. C. Bentley, Route 2, Box 61F, Prairie Grove, Arkansas 72753

Hook

I would like to locate relatives of Mrs. John Martin Smith, born Phoebe Ann Hook December 16, 1845 and died March 10, 1922 in Hutchinson, Kansas. She graduated from the American School of Osteopathy in 1901. Mrs. Alexander Campbell Levengood, nee Nancy Clavel Hook, was born April 11, 1847 and died March 5, 1932 in Quincy, Illinois. Mrs. William Downing, who was Mary Jane Hook, was born May 11, 1855, Kirksville, Missouri. The date of her death is not known. Mrs. Jacob Biddleman was Susan Elva Cook, born October 18, 1853, died August 8, 1932 in Enid, Oklahoma. Mrs. Joseph Sterling Price was Emma Elizabeth Hook, born April 26, 1863 and died May 25, 1950, Hutchinson, Kansas. She was a graduate of American School of Osteopathy in 1901. Mrs. Enoch Jamison (Ida May Hook) was born December 20, 1865 and died June 16, 1949, Fayette, Missouri. Mrs. Elmer Sanford, the former Rebecca Francis Hook, was born October 3, 1869 and died April 13, 1948, Kirksville Missouri.

These sisters had seven brothers. One of the seven was my great-great-grandfather.—Mrs. Nancy Jane Jones, P. O. Box 12, Stigler, Oklahoma 74462



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7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
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14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
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16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
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20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
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32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
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69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
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73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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